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The Miller of Mansfield.

Published by W. Oxlade, George Street; 1 May 1775.

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THE
K I N G
AND THE
MILLER of MANSFIELD.

A
DRAMATIC TALE.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By R. D O D S L E Y.



1759 61.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for and sold by W. OXLADE, at SHAKESPEARE'S
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M DCCLXXV.

PR Dramatis Personæ.

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1775
M E N.

The KING.

The MILLER.

RICHARD, the *Miller's* Son.

Lord LUREWELL.

Courtiers and Keepers of the Forest.

W O M E N.

PEGGY.

MARGERY.

KATE.

SCENE, *Sherwood Forest.*

T H E
K I N G
AND THE
MILLER of MANSFIELD.

SCENE, *Sherwood Forest.*

Enter several COURTIER*s as lost.*

FIRST COURTIER.

'TIS horrid dark! and this wood, I believe, has neither end nor side.

Fourth Courtier. You mean to get out at, for we have found one in, you see.

Second Courtier. I wish our good King *Harry* had kept near home to hunt; in my mind, the pretty, tame deer in *London* make much better sport than the wild ones in *Sherwood* forest.

Third Courtier. I can't tell which way his Majesty went, nor whether any body is with him or not; but let us keep together, pray.

Fourth Courtier. Ay, ay, like true courtiers, take care of ourselves, whatever becomes of master.

Second Courtier. Well, it's a terrible thing to be lost in the dark.

Fourth Courtier. It is. And yet it's so common a case, that one would not think it should

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be at all so. Why, we are all of us lost in the dark every day of our lives. Knaves keep us in the dark by their cunning, and fools by their ignorance. Divines lose us in dark mysteries; lawyers in dark cases, and statesmen in dark intrigues: nay, the light of reason, which we so much boast of, what is it but a dark-lantern, which just serves to prevent us from running our nose against a post, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark mists of error and ignorance, in which we are lost, than an *ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this wood.

First Courtier. But, my lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks. And, for all your morals, day-light would be much preferable to this darkness, I believe.

Third Courtier. Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on; we shall find some house or other by and by.

Fourth Courtier. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the King alone.

No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain: I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a King? Night shews me no respect: I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a King? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed; but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with
these

MILLER of Mansfield. 7

these false attributes? Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man.

[*The report of a gun is heard.*
Hark! some villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my Majesty protect me? No. Throw Majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue! Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fir'd that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this stile. [*Aside.*] Upon my word I don't.

Miller. Come, come, firrah, confess; you have shot one of the King's deer, have you not?

King. No, indeed; I owe the King more respect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray who are you? what's your name!

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes name. Why you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been us'd to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think. So if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! what authority have you to——

Miller. The King's authority, if I must give you

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you an account, Sir. I am *John Cockle*, the Miller of *Mansfield*, one of his Majesty's keepers in this forest of *Sherwood*; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. I must submit to my own authority. [*Aside.*] Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the King has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honour to belong to the King as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse, so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What! do you live at court, and not lie! that's a likely story indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to *Nottingham*, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large

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a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath : here, take it again, and take this along with it——*John Cockle* is no courtier ; he can do what he ought——without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee ! and thou ! pr'ythee don't thee and thou me : I believe I am as good a man as yourself at least.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend ; only I don't love to be too familiar with any body, before I know whether they deserve it or not.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do ?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from *Nottingham*, and all the way thro' this thick wood ; but if you are resolved upon going thither to night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can ; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night ?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night if you were the King.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the town of Mansfield.

D I C K alone.

Well, dear *Mansfield*, I am glad to see thy face again. But my heart aches, methinks, for fear this should be only a trick of theirs to get me into their power. Yet the letter seems to be wrote with an air of sincerity, I confess ; and the girl was never us'd to lie till she kept a lord

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lord company. Let me see, I'll read it once
more.

Dear Richard,

*I am at last (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd
of the injury done to us both by that base man, who
made me think you false; he contriv'd these letters which
I send you, to make me think you just upon the point
of being married to another, a thought I could not
bear with patience; so, aiming at revenge on you;
consented to my own undoing. But, for your own
sake; I beg you to return hither, for I have some
hopes of being able to do you justice, which is the
only comfort of your most distress'd, but ever affec-
tionate,*

P E G G Y.

There can be no cheat in this, sure! The let-
ters she has sent are, I think, a proof of her sin-
cerity. Well, I will go to her however: I can-
not think she will again betray me: If she has
as much tenderness left for me, as, in spite of
her ill usage, I still feel for her, I'm sure she
won't. Let me see, I am not far from the house,
I believe. [Exit.]

Scene changes to a room.

P E G G Y and P H O E B E.

Phæbe. Pray, madam, make yourself easy.

Peggy. Ah! *Phæbe*, she that has lost her vir-
tue, has with it lost her ease, and all her happi-
ness. Believing, cheated fool! to think him
false.

Phoebe. Be patient, madam, I hope you will
shortly be reveng'd on that deceitful lord.

Peggy. I hope I shall, for that were just re-
venge. But will revenge make me happy? Will it excuse my falsehood? Will it restore
me to the heart of my much-injur'd love? Ah!
no. That blooming innocence he us'd to praise,
and call the greatest beauty of our sex, is gone.
I have

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I have no charm left that might renew that flame I took such pains to quench.

[*Knocking at the door.*

See who's there. O heavens, 'tis he! Alas! that ever I shou'd be aham'd to see the man I love!

Enter Richard, who stands looking on her at a distance, she weeping.

Dick. Well, Peggy, (but I suppose you're madam now in that fine dress) you see you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your falsehood? or am I to receive the slighted leavings of your fine lord?

Peggy. O Richard! after the injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without confusion: But do not think so hardly of me; I stay'd not to be slighted by him, for the moment I discover'd his vile plot on you, I fled his sight, nor could he ever prevail to see me since.

Dick. Ah, Peggy! you were too hasty in believing; and much I fear, the vengeance aim'd at me, had other charms to recommend it to you: such bravery as that [*pointing to her cloaths*] I had not to bestow; but if a tender honest heart could please, you had it all; and if I wish'd for more, 'twas for your sake.

Peggy. O Richard! when you consider the wicked stratagem he contriv'd to make me think you base and deceitful, I hope you will, at least, pity my folly, and, in some measure, excuse my falsehood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forc'd to fly from my friends and country, for a crime that I was innocent of, is an injury that I cannot easily forgive, to be sure: but if you are less guilty of it than I thought, I shall be very glad; and if your design be really as you say, to clear me, and to expose the baseness of him that betray'd and ruin'd you,
I will

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I will join with you with all my heart. But how do you propose to do this?

Peggy. The King is now in this forest a hunting, and our young lord is every day with him: Now, I think, if we could take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his Majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice of one of his courtiers, it might, perhaps, have some effect upon him.

Dick. If we were suffer'd to make him sensible of it, perhaps it might; but the complaints of such little folks as we, seldom reach the ears of Majesty.

Peggy. We can but try.

Dick. Well, if you will but go with me to my father's, and stay there till such an opportunity happens, I shall believe you in earnest, and will join with you in your design.

Peggy. I will do any thing to convince you of my sincerity, and to make satisfaction for the injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peggy. I'll be with you in less than an hour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the mill.

MARGERY and KATE knitting.

Kate. O dear, I would not see a spirit for all the world; but I love dearly to hear stories of them. Well, and what then?

Margery. And so at last, in a dismal, hollow tone it cry'd——

[*A knocking at the door frights them both, they scream out, and throw down their knitting.*]

Margery and Kate. Lord bless us! What's that?

Kate. O dear mother, it's some judgment upon
on

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on us, I'm afraid. They say, talk of the devil, and he'll appear.

Margery. Kate, go and see who's at the door.

Kate. I durst not go, mother; do you go.

Margery. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Now don't speak as if you was afraid.

Margery. No, I won't if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick. [*Without*] What! won't you let me in?

Kate. O gemini! it's like our *Dick*, I think: He's certainly dead, and it's his spirit.

Margery. Heav'n forbid! I think in my heart it's he himself. Open the door, *Kate*.

Kate. Nay, do you.

Margery. Come, we'll both open it.

[*They open the door.*]

Enter Dick.

Dick. Dear mother, how do you do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Margery. Dear child, I'm overjoy'd to see thee; but I was so frightened, I did not know what to do.

Kate. Dear brother, I am glad to see you; how have you done this long while?

Dick. Very well, *Kate*. But where's my father?

Margery. He heard a gun go off just now, and he's gone to see who 'tis.

Dick. What they love venison at *Mansfield* as well as ever, I suppose?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it too.

Miller. [*Without.*] Ho! *Madge!* *Kate!* bring a light here.

Margery. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he catch'd the rogue, I wonder?

Enter the King and the Miller.

Margery. Who have you got?

Miller.

Miller. I have brought thee a stranger, *Madge*; thou must give him a supper, and a lodging if thou can'st.

Margery. You have got a better stranger of your own, I can tell you: *Dick's* come.

Miller. *Dick!* Where is he? Why *Dick!* How it's, my lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank you, father.

King. A little more, and you had push'd me down.

Miller. Faith, Sir, you must excuse me; I was overjoy'd to see my boy. He has been at *London*, and I have not seen him these four years.

King. Well, I shall once in my life have the happiness of being treated as a common man; and of seeing human nature without disguise.

[*Aside.*

Miller. What has brought thee home so unexpected?

Dick. You will know that presently.

Miller. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the King down in the forest a hunting this season, and this honest gentleman, who came down with his Majesty from *London*, has been with 'em to-day, it seems, and has lost his way. Come, *Madge*, see what thou can'st get for supper. Kill a couple of the best fowls; and go you, *Kate*, and draw a pitcher of ale. We are famous, Sir, at *Mansfield*, for good ale, and for honest fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good ale will be acceptable, at present, for I am very dry. But pray, how came your son to leave you, and go to *London*?

Miller. Why, that's a story which *Dick*, perhaps, won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't desire to hear it.

Enter Kate, w th an earthen pitcher of ale and a horn.

Miller. So, now do you go help your mother. —Sir, my hearty service to you.

King.

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King. Thank ye, Sir. This plain sincerity and freedom, is a happiness unknown to kings.

[*Aside.*

Miller. Come, Sir.

King. Richard, my service to you.

Dick. Thank you, Sir.

Miller. Well, *Dick*, and how dost thou like London? Come, tell us what thou hast seen

Dick. Seen! I have seen the land of promise.

Miller. The land of promise! What dost thou mean?

Dick. The court, father.

Miller. Thou wilt never leave joking,

Dick. To be serious then, I have seen the disappointment of my hopes and expectations; and that's more than one would wish to see.

Miller. What! would the great man, thou wast recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at last?

Dick. Why, yes; he would promise me to the last?

Miller. Zoons! do the courtiers think their dependents can eat promises?

Dick. No, no; they never trouble their heads to think, whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his lordship several years, tantaliz'd with hopes and expectations; this year promised one place, the next another, and the third, in sure and certain hope of—a disappointment. One falls, and it was promised before; another, and I am just half an hour too late; a third, and it stops the mouth of a creditor; a fourth, and it pays the hire of a flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a vote; and, the sixth, I am promised still. But having thus slept away some years, I awoke from my dream: My lord, I found, was so far from having it in his power to get a place for me, that he had been all this while seeking after one for himself.

B

Miller.

Miller. Poor *Dick* ! And is plain honesty then a recommendation to no place at court ?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a footman, perhaps, but nothing further, nothing further, indeed. If you look higher, you must furnish yourself with other qualifications : You must learn to say Ay, or No ; to run, or stand ; to fetch, or carry, or leap over a stick at the word of command. You must be master of the arts of flattery, insinuation, dissimulation, application, and [*pointing to his palm.*] right application too, if you hope to succeed.

King. You don't consider I am a courtier, methinks.

Dick. Not I, indeed ; 'tis no concern of mine what you are. If, in general, my character of the court is true, 'tis not my fault if it's disagreeable to your worship. There are particular exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, so let that pass. Here's better success to you the next time you come to *London*.

Dick. I thank ye ; but I don't design to see it again in haste.

Miller. No, no, *Dick* ; instead of depending upon lords promises, depend upon the labour of thine own hands ; expect nothing but what thou can'st earn, and then thou wilt not be disappointed. But come, I want a description of *London* ; thou hast told us nothing thou hast seen yet.

Dick. O ! 'tis a fine place ! I have seen large houses with small hospitality ; great men do little actions ; and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have seen the honest lawyers of *Westminster-hall*, and the virtuous inhabitants of *'Change-Alley* ; the politic madmen of coffee-houses, and the wise statesmen of *Bedlam*. I have seen merry tragedies,

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dies, and sad comedies ; devotion at an opera, and mirth at a sermon ; I have seen fine cloaths at St. James's, and long bills at *Ludgate-Hill*. I have seen poor grandeur, and rich poverty ; high honours, and low flattery ; great pride, and no merit. In short, I have seen a fool with a title, a knave with a pension, and an honest man with a thread-bare coat. Pray how do you like *London*?

Miller. And is this the best description thou can'st give of it ?

Dick. Yes.

King. Why, *Richard*, you are a satirist, I find.

Dick. I love to speak truth, Sir ; if that happens to be satire, I can't help it.

Miller. Well ! if this is *London*, give me my country cottage ; which, tho' it is not a great house, nor a fine house, is my own house, and I can shew a receipt for the building on't. But come, Sir, our supper, I believe, is ready for us, by this time ; and to such as I have, you're welcome as a prince.

King. I thank you.

[*Exeunt*.

Scene changes to the wood.

Enter several K E E P E R S.

First Keeper. The report of a gun was somewhere this way, I'm sure.

Second Keeper. Yes ; but I can never believe that any body would come a deer-stealing so dark a night as this.

Third Keeper. Where did the deer harbour to-day ?

Fourth Keeper. There was a herd lay upon *Hamilton-Hill*, another just by *Robin Hood's chair*, and a third here in *Mansfield wood*.

First Keeper. Ay ; those they have been amongst.

Second Keeper. But we shall never be able to find 'em to-night, 'tis so dark.

Third Keeper. No, no; let's go back again.

First Keeper. Zoons! you're afraid of a broken head, I suppose, if we should find 'em; and so had rather sink back again. Hark! stand close. I hear 'em coming this way.

Enter the Courtiers.

First Courtier. Did not you hear somebody just now? Faith, I begin to be afraid we shall meet with some misfortune to-night.

Second Courtier. Why if any body should take what we have got, we have made a fine business of it.

Third Courtier. Let them take it if they will; I am so tir'd I shall make but small resistance.

[The Keepers rush upon them.]

Second Keeper. Ay, rogues, rascals, and villains; you have got it, have you?

Second Courtier. Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have, you are welcome to, if you will but use us civilly.

First Keeper. O, yes! very civilly; you deserve to be us'd civilly, to be sure.

Fourth Courtier. Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly us'd?

First Keeper. Come, come, don't trifle, surrender.

First Courtier. I have but three half-crowns about me.

Second Courtier. Here's three and six-pence for you, gentlemen.

Third Courtier. Here's my watch; I have no money at all.

Fourth Courtier. Indeed I have nothing in my pocket but a snuff-box.

Fourth Keeper. What! the dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, rascals; you shall go

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go before the justice to-morrow, depend on't.

Fourth Courtier. Before the justice! What, for being robb'd?

First Keeper. For being robb'd! What do you mean? Who has robb'd you?

Fourth Courtier. Why, did not you just now demand our money, gentlemen?

Second Keeper. O, the rascals! they will swear a robbery against us, I warrant.

Fourth Courtier. A robbery! Ay, to be sure.

First Keeper. No, no; we did not demand your money, we demanded the deer you have kill'd.

Fourth Courtier. The devil take the deer, I say; he led us a chase of six hours, and got away from us at last.

First Keeper. Zoons! ye dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye you have this night shot one of the King's deer; did not we hear the gun go off? Did not we hear you say, you was afraid it should be taken from you?

Second Courtier. We were afraid our money should be taken from us.

First Keeper. Come, come, no more shuffling: I tell ye, you're all rogues, and we'll have you hang'd, you may depend on't. Come, let's take them to old Cockle's; we're not far off; we'll keep 'em there all night, and to-morrow morning we'll away with 'em before the justice.

Fourth Courtier. A very pretty adventure!

[Exeunt.]

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Scene changes to the Mill.

King, Millery, Margery, and Dick, at Supper.

Miller. Come, Sir, you must mend a bad supper with a glass of good ale ; here's King Harry's health.

King. With all my heart. Come, Richard here's King Harry's health ; I hope you are courtier enough to pledge me, are not you ?

Dick. Yes, yes, Sir, I'll drink the King's health with all my heart.

Margery. Come, Sir, my humble service to you, and much good may do ye with your poor supper ; I wish it had been better.

King. You need make no apologies.

Margery. We are obliged to your goodness in excusing our rudeness.

Miller. Prithee, Margery, don't trouble the gentleman with compliments.

Margery. Lord, husband, if one had no more manners than you, the gentleman would take us all for hogs.

Miller. Now I think the more compliments the less manners.

King. I think so too. Compliments in discourse, I believe, are like ceremonies in religion ; the one has destroy'd all true piety, and the other all sincerity and plain dealing.

Miller. Then a fig for all ceremony and compliments too : give us thy hand ; and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honest Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good song ?

Miller. Ah ! my singing days are over, but
my

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my man Joe has got an excellent one; and if you have a mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my heart.

Miller. Joe.

Enter Joe.

Miller. Come, *Joe*, drink boy; I have promis'd this gentleman that you shall sing him your last new song.

Joe. Well, master, if you have promis'd it him, he shall have it.

S O N G.

I.

*How happy a State does the Miller possess?
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fear, to be less;
On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.*

II.

*What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Beau;
A Clown in this Dress may be honefter far
Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.*

III.

*Tho' his Hands are so dawb'd they're not fit to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the Fingers like
Meal.*

IV.

IV.

*What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks;
In this of right noble Examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.*

V.

*Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this he wou'd mimick the Tools of the State;
Whose Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.*

VI.

*He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when
he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?*

Miller. There's a Song for you.

King. He should go sing this at Court, I think.

Dick. I believe, if he's wise, he will chuse to stay at home tho'.

Enter Peggy.

Miller. What wind blew you hither, pray! you have a good share of impudence, or you wou'd be asham'd to set your foot within my house, methinks.

Peggy. Asham'd I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. [Weeps.]

Dick. Dear father, suspend your anger for the
the

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the present ; that she is here now is by my direction, and to do me justice.

Peggy. To do that is all that is now in my power ; for as to myself, I am ruin'd past redemption ; my character, my virtue, my peace, are gone : I am abandoned by my friends, despis'd by the world, and expos'd to misery and want.

King. Pray let me know the story of your misfortunes ; perhaps it may be in my power to do something towards redressing them.

Peggy. That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd ; but as for me, shame will not let me speak, or hear it told. [*Exit.*]

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. O, Sir, I once thought her an angel ; I lov'd her dearer than my life, and did believe her passion was the same for me : but a young nobleman of this neighbourhood happening to see her, her youth and blooming beauty presently struck his fancy ; a thousand artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his arts were vain ; not even the promise of making her his wife, could prevail upon her : in a little time he found out her love to me, and, imagining this to be the cause of her refusal, he, by forg'd letters, and feign'd Stories, contriv'd to make her believe I was upon the point of marriage with another woman. Possess'd with this opinion, she, in a rage, writes me word, never to see her more ; and, in revenge, consented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor easy while I was so near her, he brib'd one of his cast off mistresses to swear a child to me, which she did : this was the occasion of my leaving my friends, and flying to London.

King. And how does she propose to do you justice ?

Dick.

Dick. Why, the king being now in this forest a hunting, we design to take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice done us by this noble villain.

Miller. Ah! *Dick!* I expect but little redress from such an application. Things of this nature are so common amongst the great, that I am afraid it will only be made a jest of.

King. Those that can make a jest of what ought to be shocking to humanity, surely deserve not the name of great or noble men.

Dick. What do you think of it, Sir? if you belong to the court, you, perhaps, may know something of the king's temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest nobleman in his court, to do an injustice to the meanest subject in his kingdom. But pray, who is the nobleman that is capable of such actions as these?

Dick. Do you know my lord Lurewell?

King. Yes.

Dick. That's the man.

King. Well, I would have you put your design in execution. 'Tis my opinion the king would not only hear your complaint, but redress your injuries.

Miller. I wish it may prove so.

Enter the Keepers leading in the Courtiers.

First Keeper. Hola! Cockle! where are ye? why, man, we have nabb'd a pack of rogues here just in the fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! what, turn'd highway-men, my lords? or deer-stealers?

First Courtier. I am very glad to find your majesty in health and safety.

Second

MILLER of Mansfield. 25

Second Courtier. We have run thro' a great many perils and dangers to-night : but the joy of finding your majesty so unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have suffer'd.

Miller and Dick. What ! is this the king ?

King. I am very glad to see you, my lords, I confess ; and particularly you, my lord Lurewell.

Lurewell. Your majesty does me honour.

King. Yes, my lord, and I will do you justice too ; your honour has been highly wrong'd by this young man.

Lurewell. Wrong'd, my liege !

King. I hope so, my lord ; for I would fain believe you can't be guilty of baseness and treachery.

Lurewell. I hope your majesty will never find me so. What dares this villain say ?

Dick. I am not to be frightened, my lord. I dare speak truth at any time.

Lurewell. Whatever stains my honour must be false.

King. I know it must, my lord : yet has this man, not knowing who I was, presum'd to charge your lordship, not only with great injustice to himself, but also with ruining an innocent virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his wife ; which, if true, were base and treacherous ; but I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your lordship to say what punishment I shall inflict upon him, for the injury done to your honour.

Lurewell. I thank your majesty, I will not be severe ; he shall only ask my pardon, and to-morrow morning be oblig'd to marry the creature he has traduc'd me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your sentence.

Dick.

Dick. May I not have leave to speak before your majesty?

King. What canst thou say?

Dick. If I had your majesty's permission, I believe I have certain witnesses which will undeniably prove the truth of all I have accus'd his lordship of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. Peggy!

Enter Peggy.

King. Do you know this woman, my lord?

Lurewell. I know her, please your majesty, by sight; she is a tenant's daughter.

Peggy. [*Aside.*] Majesty! What, is this the king?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular acquaintance with her?

Lurewell. Hum—I have not seen her these several months.

Dick. True, my lord; and that is part of your accusation; for, I believe, I have some letters which will prove your lordship once had a more particular acquaintance with her. Here is one of the first his lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest and most solemn protestations of love and constancy; here is another which will inform your majesty of the pains he took to ruin her; there is an absolute promise of marriage before he could accomplish it.

King. What say you, my lord, are these your hand?

Lurewell. I believe, please your majesty, I might have a little affair of gallantry with the girl some time ago.

King. It was a little affair, my lord; a mean affair;

affair; and what you call gallantry, I call infamy. Do you think, my lord, that greatness gives a sanction to wickedness? Or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjust and inhumane? You remember the sentence which yourself pronounc'd upon this innocent man; you cannot think it hard that it should pass on you who are guilty.

Lurewell. I hope your majesty will consider my rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King. Your rank? my lord. Greatness that stoops to actions base and low, deserts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What makes your lordship great! is it your gilded equipage and dress? then put it on your meanest slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your riches or estate? the villain that should plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No, my lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great man. I therefore think you ought, in justice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

Peggy. Let my tears thank your majesty. But alas! I am afraid to marry this young lord: that would only give him power to use me worse, and still encrease my misery: I therefore beg your majesty will not command him to do it.

King. Rise then, and hear me. My lord, you see how low the greatest nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous actions. Here is, under your own hand, an absolute promise of marriage to this young woman, which, from a thorough knowledge of your unworthiness, she has prudently declin'd to make you fulfil. I shall therefore not insist upon it; but I command you, upon pain of my displeasure, immediately to settle on her three hundred pounds a year.

Peggy. May heaven reward your majesty's goodness. 'Tis too much for me; but if your

majesty thinks fit, let it be settled upon this much-injur'd man, to make some satisfaction for the wrongs which have been done him. As to myself, I only sought to clear the innocence of him I lov'd and wrong'd, then hide me from the world, and die forgiven.

Dick. This act of gen'rous virtue cancels all past failings; come to my arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peggy. You cannot sure forgive me!

Dick. I can, I do, and still will make you mine.

Peggy. O! why did I ever wrong such generous love?

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the goodness which has made us blest.

King. May you be happy.

Miller. [*Kneels.*] After I have seen so much of your majesty's goodness, I cannot despair of pardon, even for the rough usage your majesty received from me.

[The king draws his sword, the miller is frighted, and rises up, thinking he was going to kill him.]

What have I done that I should lose my life?

King. Kneel without fear. No, my good host, so far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honourable knight; so rise up, Sir John Cockle: and to support your state, and in some sort requite the pleasure you have done us, a thousand marks a year shall be your revenue.

Miller. Your majesty's bounty I receive with thankfulness; I have been guilty of no meanness to obtain it, and hope I shall not be obliged to keep it upon base conditions; for tho' I am
willing

MILLER of Mansfield. 29

willing to be a faithful subject, I am resolved to be a free, and an honest man.

King. I rely upon your being so : and, to gain the friendship of such a one, I shall always think an addition to my happiness, tho' a king.

*Worth, in whatever state, is sure a prize,
Which kings, of all men, ought not to despise ;
By selfish sycophants so close besieg'd,
'Tis by mere chance a worthy man's oblig'd :
But hence, to every courtier be it known,
Virtue shall find protection from the throne.*

T H E E N D.



E P I S T L E S

AND

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY R. DODSLEY.

*An EPISTLE to Mr. POPE, occasion'd by his
ESSAY ON MAN.*

GREAT bard ! in whom united we admire,
The sage's wisdom, and the poet's fire :
And whom at once the great and good commend,
A safe companion, and a useful friend : —
*'Twas thus the Muse her eager fight began,
Ardent to sing the poet and the man :
But truth in verse is clad too like a lie,
And you, at least, would think it flattery ;
Hating the thought, I check my froward strain,
I change my style, and thus begin again.*

As

As when some student first with curious eye,
Thro' nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reason seeming faults surprise,
He asks, if this be just? if that be wise?
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue in distress,
And vice unpunish'd, with strange thoughts oppress:

Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind is open'd, fair is all he sees;
Storms, tempests, earthquakes, virtue's ragged
plight,
And vice's triumph, all are just and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and design,
And the whole scheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on you.
This false, that ill-express'd, this thought not good,
And all was wrong which I misunderstood.
But reading more attentive, soon I found
The diction nervous, and the doctrine sound.
Saw man, a part of that stupendous whole,
" *Whose body nature is, and God the soul.*"
Saw in the scale of things his middle state,
And all his powers adapted just to that.
Saw reason, passion, weakness, how of use,
How all to good, to happiness conduce.
Saw my own weakness, thy superior power,
And still the more I read, admire thee more.

*This simile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming some design or plan,
To aid my muse, and guide her wond'ring lay,
When sudden to my mind came honest GAY.
For form or method I no more contend,
But strive to copy that ingenious friend:**

* In his first epistle.

*Like him to catch my thoughts just as they rose——
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.*

Where are ye now——ye criticks, shall I say ?
Or owls, who sicken at this god of day ?
What ! mighty scriblers, will you let him go
Uncensur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd so ?
Step forth some great distinguish'd daring dunce,
Write but one page, you silence him at once :
Write without fear ; you will, you must suc-
ceed :

He cannot answer——for he will not read.

*Here paus'd the muse——alas, the jade is bit,
She fain would copy GAY, but wants his wit.
She paus'd, indeed——broke off as he had done,
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on.*

Ye Wits, and Fools ; ye Libertines, and Saints,
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.
First, you who oft, with wisdom too refin'd,
Can censure and direct th' *Eternal Mind*,
Ingenious Wits, who modestly pretend
This bungling frame, the universe, to mend ;
How can you bear, in your great reason's
spight,
To hear him prove, "*Whatever is, is right ?*"
Alas ! how easy to confute the song !
If all is right, how came your heads so wrong ?

And come, ye solemn Fools, a numerous band,
Who read, and read, but never understand,
Pronounce it nonsense—Can't you prove it too ?
Good faith, my friends, it may be so—to You.

Come too, ye Libertines, who lust for power,
Or wealth, or fame, or greatness, or a whore ;
All who true sensual happiness adhere to,
And laugh him out of this old-fashion'd virtue :
Virtue,

Virtue, where he has whimsically plac'd
Your only bliss—How odd is some men's taste?

And come, ye rigid Saints, with looks demure,
Who boast yourselves right holy, just, and pure;
Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,
Which gave your proud hypocrisy the lie:
Which own the best have failings, not a few;
And prove the worst, sometimes, as good as You.

What? shall he taint such perfect souls with ill?
Shall fots not place their bliss in what they will?
Nor fools be fools? nor wits sublime descend
In charity to heaven its works to mend?
Laughs he at these?—'Tis monstrous. To be plain,
I'd have you write—he can but laugh again.

*Here lifting up my head, surpriz'd, I see
Close at my elbow, flattering Vanity.
From her soft whispers soon I found it came,
That I suppos'd myself not one of them.
Alas! how easily ourselves we sooth!
I fear, in justice, he must laugh at both.*

*For, Vanity abash'd, up to my ear
Steps honest Truth, and these harsh words I hear;
"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;
"Alike to POPE such censure and such praise.
"Nor that can sink, nor this exalt his name,
"Who owes to virtue, and himself, his fame."*

MODERN REASONING.

An EPISTLE to Mr. L——.

WHENCE comes it, L——, that ev'ry
 fool,
 In reason's spite, in spite of ridicule,
 Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
 And all the blind deluded world disdains ;
 Himself the only person blest with sight,
 And his opinion the great rule of right ?

'Tis strange, from folly this conceit should rise,
 That want of sense should make us think we're
 wise ;
 Yet so it is. The most egregious elf
 Thinks none so wise or witty as himself.
 Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend ;
 And who can least confute, will most contend.

I love the man, I love him from my soul,
 Whom neither weakness blinds, nor whims
 controul ;
 With learning blest, with solid reason fraught,
 Who slowly thinks, and ponders every thought ;
 Yet, conscious to himself how apt to err,
 Suggests his notions with a modest fear ;
 Hears every reason, every passion hides,
 Debates with calmness, and with care decides ;
 More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
 Not victory, but truth his sole pursuit.

But these are very rare. How happy he
 Who tastes such converse, L——, with thee !
 Each social hour is spent in joys sublime,
 Whilst hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you
 climb ;

Thro'

Thro' reason's paths, in search of truth,
 proceed,

And clear the flow'ry way from every weed ;
 'Till, from her ancient cavern, rais'd to light,
 The beauteous stranger stands reveal'd to sight,

How far from this the furious noisy crew,
 Who, what they once assert, with zeal pursue ?
 Their greater right infer from louder tongues ;
 And strength of argument from strength of
 lungs.

Instead of sense, who stun your ears with sound,
 And think they conquer, when they but con-
 found

Taurus, a bellowing champion, storms and
 swears,

And drives his argument thro' both your ears ;
 And whether truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
 'Tis still maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of—
 tongue ;

In all disputes he bravely wins the day,
 No wonder——for he hears not what you say.

But tho' to tire the ear's sufficient curse,
 To tire one's patience is a plague still worse.
 Prato, a formal sage, debates with care,
 A strong opponent, take him up who dare.
 His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
 He looks so wise——'tis pity he's a fool.
 If he asserts, tho' what no man can doubt,
 He'll bring ten thousand proofs to make it out.
 This, this, and this——is so, and so, and so ;
 And therefore, therefore——that, and that, you
 know.

Circles no angles have ; a square has four ;
 A square's no circle therefore—to be sure.
 The sum of Prato's wond'rous wisdom is,
 This is not that, and therefore, that not this.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
 Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
 The first for every trifle will contend ;
 But this has no opinions to defend.
 In fire no heat, no sweetness in the rose,
 The man impos'd on by his very nose :
 Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
 The world's a dream, and all his senses lie.
 He thinks, yet doubts if he's possess'd of
 thought ;
 Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.
 Ask him if he's a man, or beast, or bird ;
 He cannot tell, upon his honest word.
 'Tis strange, so plain a point's so hard to prove ;
 I'll tell you what you are—a fool, by Jove.

Another class of disputants there are,
 More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far ;
 These are your wanderers, who from the point
 Run wild in loose harangues, all out of joint.
 Vagarius, and confute him if you can,
 Will hold debate with any mortal man.
 He roves from Genesis to Revelations,
 And quite confounds you with divine quotations.
 Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
 And by that knowledge lost the Tree of Life ;
 He contradicts you, and in half an hour
 Most plainly proves——Pope Joan the scarlet
 whore.
 Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
 A jumbling, incoherent mass of words ;
 Most of them true, but so together tost
 Without connection, that their sense is lost.

But leaving these to rove, and those to doubt,
 Another clan alarms us ; face about :
 See, arm'd with grave authority, they come,
 And with great names and numbers strike us
 dumb.

With

With these an error ven'erable appears,
 For having been believ'd three thousand years.
 Reason, nay common sense, to names must fall,
 And strength of argument's no strength at all.
 But on, my muse, tho' multitudes oppose us,
 Alas! Truth is not prov'd by counting noses;
 Nor fear, tho' antient sages are subjoin'd;
 A lie's a lie, tho' told by all mankind.
 'Tis true, I love the ancients—but what then?
 Plato and Aristotle were but men.
 I grant 'em wise—the wisest disagree,
 And therefore no sufficient guides for me.
 An error, tho' by half the world espous'd,
 Is still an error, and may be oppos'd;
 And truth, tho' much from mortal eyes conceal'd,
 Is still the truth, and may be more reveal'd.
 How foolish then will look your mighty wife,
 Should half their *ipse dixits* prove plain lies!

But on, my muse, another tribe demands
 Thy censure yet; nor should they 'scape thy
 hands.
 These are the passionate; who, in dispute,
 Demand submission, monarchs absolute.
 Sole judges, in their own conceit, of wit,
 They damn all those for fools that won't submit.
 Sir Testy (thwart Sir Testy if you dare)
 Swears there's inhabitants in every star.
 If you presume to say this may'nt be true,
 You lie, Sir, you're a fool and blockhead too.
 What he asserts, if any disbelieve,
 How folks can be so dull he can't conceive.
 He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's
 clear;
 But men are so perverse they will not hear.
 With him, Swift treads a dull trite beaten way;
 In Young no wit, no humour smiles in Gay;
 Nor

Nor truth, nor virtue, Pope, adorns thy page ;
 And Thompson's *Liberty* corrupts the age.
 This to deny, if any dare presume,
 Fool, coxcomb, sot, and puppy fill the room.
 Hillario, who full well this humour knows,
 Resolv'd one day his folly to expose,
 Kindly invites him with some friends to dine,
 And entertains 'em with a roast Sir Loin :
 Of this he knew Sir Testy could not eat,
 And purposely prepar'd it for his treat.
 The rest begin—Sir Testy, pray fall to——
 You love roast beef, Sir, come—I know you do.
 “ Excuse me, Sir, 'tis what I never eat.”
 How, Sir ! not love roast beef ! the king of
 meat !
 “ 'Tis true indeed.” Indeed it is not true ;
 I love it, Sir, and you must love it too.
 “ I can't upon my word.” Then you're a fool,
 And don't know what's good eating, by my soul.
 Not love roast beef !——Come, come, Sirs fill
 his plate,
 I'll make him love it—Sir, G—d——you, eat.
 Sir Testy finding what it was they meant,
 Rose in a passion, and away he went.

F I N I S.





The Wonder.

Published May 10; 1775.

THE
W O N D E R !

A
WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

A
C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES-ROYAL
I N
D R U R Y - L A N E
A N D
C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Written by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.



L O N D O N :
Printed for and sold by W. OXLADE, at SHAKESPEARE'S
HEAD, in GEORGE-STREET, OLD-BAILEY.
M DCCLXXV.

P R O L O G U E.

OUR Author fears the criticks of the stage,
 Who, like Barbarians, spare nor sex, nor age;
 She trembles at those censors in the pit,
 Who think good-nature shews a want of wit:
 Such malice, O! what muse can undergo it?
 To save themselves, they always damn the poet.
 Our author flies from such a partial jury,
 As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury:
 To the few candid judges for a smile
 She humbly sues to recompence her toil.
 To the bright circle of the fair, she next
 Commits her cause, with anxious doubts perplex.
 Where can she with such hopes of favour kneel,
 As to those judges, who her frailties feel?
 A few mistakes, her sex may well excuse,
 And such a plea, no Woman shou'd refuse:
 If she succeeds, a Woman gains applause;
 What Female but must favour such a cause?
 Her faults — whate'er they are — e'en pass 'em by,
 And only on her beauties fix your eye.
 In plays, like vessels floating on the sea,
 There's none so wise to know their destiny:
 In this, howe'er, the pilot's skill appears,
 While by the stars his constant course he steers;
 Rightly our Author does her judgment shew,
 That for her safety she relies on you.
 Your approbation, fair-ones, can't but move
 Those stubborn hearts, which first you taught to love:
 The men must all applaud this play of ours,
 For who dare see with other eyes than yours?

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. PHILLIPS.

*C*ustom, with all our modern laws combin'd,
 Has given such power despotic to mankind,
 That we have only so much virtue now,
 As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
 Thus like mechanic work we're us'd with scorn,
 And wound up only for a present turn;
 Some are for having our whole sex enslav'd,
 Affirming we've no Souls *, and can't be sav'd.
 But were the women all of my opinion,
 We'd soon shake off this false usurp'd dominion.
 We'd make the tyrants own, that we cou'd prove
 As fit for other business as for love.
 Lord! what prerogative might we obtain,
 Could we from yielding a few months refrain!
 How fondly wou'd our dangling lovers doat?
 What homage wou'd be paid to petticoat?
 'T wou'd be a jest to see the change of fate,
 How might we all of politicks debate;
 Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,
 And what's still harder, Keep our Secrets too.
 Ay, marry! Keep a Secret, says a beau,
 And sneers at some ill-natur'd wit below;
 But faith, if we shou'd tell but half we know,
 There's many a spruce young fellow in this place,
 Wou'd never more presume to show his face;
 Women are not so weak, whate'er Men prate:
 How many tip-top beaux have had the fate,
 T' enjoy from Mamma's Secrets their estate.
 Who, if her early folly had made known,
 Had rid behind the coach that's now their own.
 But here the Wond'rous Secret you discover;
 A Lady ventures for a Friend, ——— A Lover.
 Prodigious! for my part I frankly own,
 I'd spoil'd the Wonder, and the Woman shown.

* Alluding to an ironical Pamphlet tending to prove that
 Women had no Souls.

Dramatis Personæ.

At D R U R Y - L A N E.

M E N.

Don Lopez, a Grandee of *Portugal*, Mr. *Baddeley*.
Don Felix, { his Son, in Love } Mr. *Garrick*.
 { with *Violante*, }
Frederick, A Merchant, - - - Mr. *Packer*.
Don Pedro, Father to *Violante*, Mr. *Burton*.
Col. Britton, A *Scotchman*, - - Mr. *Jefferson*.
Gibby, His Footman, - - - Mr. *Johnston*.
Lisardo, Servant to *Felix*, - - Mr. *King*.

W O M E N.

Donna Violante, { Design'd for a }
 { Nun by her } Mrs. *Barry*.
 { Father, in Love }
 { with *Felix*, }
Donna Isabella, Sister to *Felix*, - - Mrs. *W. Barry*
Flora, Her Maid, - - - Miss *Pope*.
Inis, Maid to *Violante*, Mrs. *Bradshaw*

At C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

M E N.

Don Lopez, a Grandee of *Portugal*, Mr. *Dunstal*.
Don Felix, { his Son, in Love } Mr. *Bensley*.
 { with *Violante*, }
Frederick, A Merchant, - - Mr. *Gardiner*.
Don Pedro, Father to *Violante*, Mr. *Morris*.
Col. Britton, A *Scotchman*, - - Mr. *Wroughton*.
Gibby, His Footman, - - Mr. *Shuter*.
Lisardo, Servant to *Felix*, Mr. *Woodward*.

W O M E N.

Donna Violante, { Design'd for a }
 { Nun by her } Miss *Macklin*.
 { Father, in Love }
 { with *Felix*, }
Donna Isabella, Sister to *Felix*, - - Mrs. *Mattocks*.
Flora, Her Maid, - - Mrs. *Pitt*.
Inis, Maid to *Violante*, Mrs. *Green*.

S C E N E, L I S B O N.

THE W O N D E R !

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Don Lopez meeting Frederick.

Fred. MY lord, Don Lopez.

Don Lopez. How d'ye, Frederick ?

Fred. At your lordship's service ; I am glad to see you look so well, my lord ; I hope Antonio's out of danger.

Don Lop. Quite contrary ; his fever increases, they tell me ; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

Fred. Your son Don Felix is safe, I hope.

D. Lop. I hope so too, but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him ?

D. Lop. Not since he went ; I forbid him writing till the publick news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

Fred. Your caution was good, my lord ; tho' I am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety is my chief concern. Fortune has maliciously struck a bar between us in the affairs of life, but she has done me the honour to unite our souls.

D. Lop. I am not ignorant of the friendship between my son and you. I have heard him commend your morals, and lament your want of noble birth.

Fred. That's nature's fault, my lord ; 'tis some comfort not to own one's misfortune to one's self, yet 'tis impossible not to regret the want of noble birth.

D. Lop. 'Tis a pity indeed such excellent parts as you are master of, should be eclipsed by mean extraction.

Fred. Such commendation would make me vain, my lord, did you not cast in the allay of my extraction.

D. Lop. There's no condition of life without its cares, and it is the perfection of a man to wear 'em as easy as he can ; this unfortunate duel of my son's does not pass without impression. But since it's past prevention, all my concern is

now,

now, how he may escape the punishment; if Antonio dies, Felix shall for England. You have been there; what sort of people are the English?

Fred. My lord, the English are by nature, what the ancient Romans were by discipline, courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with liberty. Liberty is the idol of the English, under whose banner all the nation lifts; give but the word for liberty, and straight more armed legions would appear, than France and Philip keep in constant pay.

D. Lop. I like their principles; who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? Tho' common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do, for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

Fred. You will not surely sacrifice the lovely Isabella, to age, avarice, and a fool; pardon the expression, my lord; but my concern for your beauteous daughter transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay your lordship's presence.

D. Lop. I can't deny the justness of the character, Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars; and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law, he is rich and well-born; as for his being a fool, I don't conceive how that can be any blot in a husband, who is already possessed of a good estate.—A poor fool indeed is a very scandalous thing, and so are your poor wits, in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of, but the inside of their skulls: now for Don Guzman, I know I can rule him, as I think fit; this is acting the politic part, Frederick, without which it is impossible to keep up the port of this life.

Fred. But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare, my lord?

D. Lop. Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a year no consideration? Now I think it a very good consideration.

Fred. One way, my lord. But what will the world say of such a match?

D. Lop. Sir, I value not the world a button.

Fred. I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

D. Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the right, tho' it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to inquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination quotha! parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclination! I'll venture you a wager, that in all the garrison towns in Spain and Portugal, during the late war, there was not three women who have not had

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an inclination to every officer in the whole army; does it therefore follow, that their fathers ought to pimp for them? No, no, Sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

Fred. But this is of another nature, my lord.

D. Lop. Look ye, Sir, I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman the moment he arrives; tho' I could not govern my son, I will my daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel.—Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only, but Guzman every thing, but—

D. Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing, and so adieu. [Exit.]

Fred. Monstrous! these are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony—he is rich, and well born, powerful arguments indeed! could I but add them to the friendship of Don Felix, what might I not hope? but a merchant, and a grandee of Spain, are inconsistent names—Lissardo! from whence came you?

Enter Lissardo in a riding habit.

Liss. That letter will inform you, Sir.

Fred. I hope your master's safe.

Liss. I left him so; I have another to deliver which requires haste—your most humble servant, Sir. [bowing.]

Fred. To Violante, I suppose.

Liss. The same. [Exit.]

Fred. (*Reads.*) Dear Frederick, the two chief blessings of this life, are a friend, and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio's death, and therefore resolve to venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend.

Yours,

Felix.

Pray heaven he comes undiscover'd—Ha! Colonel Britton.

Enter Colonel Britton in a riding habit.

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to Lisbon, Colonel.

Col. La fortune de la Guerre, as the French say; I have commanded these three last years in Spain, but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us, good Protestants, leave to hope for Christian burial; so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a lodging, Colonel, pray command my house, while you stay.

Col. If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I wou'd accept your offer, Frederick.

Fred. So far from trouble, Colonel, I shall take it as a particular favour; what have we here?

Col.

10 THE WONDER!

Col. My footman ; this is our country dress, you must know, which, for the honour of Scotland, I make all my servants wear.

Enter Gibby in a Highland dress.

Gib. What mun I de with the horses, and like yer honour, they will tack cold gin they stand in the cause-way.

Fred. Oh ! I'll take care of them, what hoa Vasquez.

[Enter Vasquez.]

Put those horses which that honest fellow will shew you, into my stable, do ye hear, and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, Sir.—Sir, by my master's orders, I am, Sir, your most obsequious humble servant. Be pleas'd to lead the way.

Gib. 'Sbleed gang yer gat, Sir, and I sall follow yee : Ise tee hungry to feed on compliments. *[Exit.]*

Fred. Ha, ha, a comical fellow—Well, how do you like our country, Colonel ?

Col. Why faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeable enough with-inside of a nunnery ; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay willing girls too, thro' a damn'd grate, give us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Ah, Frederick, your priests are wicked rogues. They immure beauty for their own proper use, and shew it only to the laity to create desires, and inflame accompts, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

Fred. I own wenching is something more difficult here than in England, where women's liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect, but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

Col. And does restraint get the better of inclination with your women here ? No, I'll be sworn not, even in fourscore. Don't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies ?

Fred. And of all ladies where you come, Colonel ; you were ever a man of gallantry.

Col. Ah, Frederick, the kirk half starves us Scotchmen. We are kept so sharp at home, that we feed like cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now that thou would'st consign over to a friend for half an hour, ha ?

Fred. Faith, Colonel, I am the worst pimp in Christendom ; you had better trust to your own luck ; the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country, and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure, than run the hazard of a stiletto in my guts. 'Egad I think I must e'en marry, and sacrifice

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sacrifice my body for the good of my soul; wilt thou recommend me to a wife then, one that is willing to exchange her moidores for English liberty; ha friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. The handsomer the better—but be sure she has a nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some gold.

Col. Oh, very much gold; I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh, beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. At first perhaps it may, but the second or third dose will choak me—I confess, Frederick, women are the prettiest play-things in nature; but gold, substantial gold, gives 'em the air, the mien, the shape, the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

Fred. And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, Colonel?

Col. Too often—Money is the very god of marriage: the poets dress him in a saffron robe, by which they figure out the golden deity, and his lighted torch blazons those mighty charms, which encourage us to list under his banner.

None marry now for love, no, that's a jest:

The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

Fred. You are always gay, Colonel; come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

Col. I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure: where do you live?

Fred. At yon corner house with the green rails.

Col. In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu. [Exit.]

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience. [Exit.]

Enter Isabella and Inis her Maid.

Inis. For goodness sake, madam, where are you going in this pet!

Isab. Any where to avoid matrimony; the thoughts of a husband is as terrible to me as the sight of a hobgoblin.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband; but if you may chuse for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, Inis; but to be forc'd into the arms of an idiot, a sneaking, sniveling, driveling, avaricious fool, who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects. Ah, Inis! what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination: The custom of our country
enslaves

inlaves us from our very cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you: a monastery, quotha! where you'll wish yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

Isab. What care I, there will be no man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor what's much worse, to please you neither—Odslife, madam, you are the first woman that e'er despair'd in a Christian country—were I in your place—

Isab. Why what would your wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water; no shore can treat you worse than your own; there's ne'er a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Isab. I am too great a coward to follow your advice; I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. (*Aside.*) Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Isab. Ha! my father! to church, Sir.

Inis. The old rogue has certainly over-heard her. [*Aside.*]

Lop. Your devotion must needs be very strong, or your memory very weak, my dear; why, vespers are over for this night; come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

Isab. Ha, to-morrow!

Lop. He writes me word, that his estate in Holland is worth 12000 crowns a year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Isab. And the most unhappy woman in the world. Oh, Sir! if I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Isab. That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. [*Kneels.*]

Lop. I grant it, thou shalt have an arm full of flesh and blood to-morrow; flesh and blood, quotha: heaven forbid

forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

Inis. Here's an old dog for you. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Do not mistake, Sir; the fatal stroke which separates soul and body, is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners, than the name of Guzman to my ear.

Lop. Puh, puh; you lye, you lye.

Isab. My frightened heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turn'd into blank verse, it would serve for a Tragedy; why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child.—I fancy this was all *extempore*, I don't believe thou did'st ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord, for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how? what, do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? remember 'tis your duty to obey.

Isab. (*Rising*) I never disobey'd before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loath the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine! ha, ha.

Isab. Death itself would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isab. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. [*Draws.*]
Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now (*offers her his sword.*) The point is pretty sharp. 'Twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, Sir, what do you mean to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate, ha, ha, ha, you see how desperate she is; what, art thou frightened, little Bell? ha!

Isab. I confess, I am startled at your morals, Sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man, he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

Isab. I shall take neither, Sir; death has many doors, and when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatick, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. (*takes hold of her, and pulls out of his pocket a key.*) I shall

make bold to secure thee, my dear : I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman come ; go, get into your chamber.

*There I'll your boasted resolution try,
And see who'll get the better, you or I.*

[pushes her in, and locks the door.]

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Room in Don Pedro's House.*

Enter Donna Violante reading a letter, and Flora following.

Flora. **W**HAT, must that letter be read again ?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again ; a letter from a faithful lover can ne'er be read too often ; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things—— *[Kisses it,*

Fla. But always the same language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

Fla. In my opinion nothing charms that does not change ; and my composition of the four and twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank note, or a bill of exchange.

Vio. Thy taste is my aversion. — *(Reads.)* My all that's charming, since life's not life exil'd from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust ; these six weeks absence has been in love's accompt six hundred years ; when it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window, till when, adieu, thine more than his own. *Felix.*

Fla. Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty, and twenty thousand pounds ?——Were I a man, methinks, I could have said a hundred finer things ; I would have compar'd your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to——

Vio. No more of your bombast, truth is the best eloquence in a lover——What proof remains ungiven of his love ? When his father threaten'd to disinherit him, for refusing Don Antonio's sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me ? And now, tho' strict enquiry runs thro' every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me ?

Fla. But you know, madam, your father Don Pedro designs you for a nun, and says your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to
one

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one and twenty, as I am informed. But however, I shall run the risk of that; go, call in Lissardo.

Flo. Yes, madam; now for a thousand verbal questions.

[*Exit, and re-enter with Lissardo.*]

Vio. Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

Liss. Ah, very weary, madam—Faith, thou look'st wondrous pretty, Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*]

Vio. How came you?

Liss. En Chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belong'd to an English colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman Catholick all her life-time; for she down on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by.—My chops water for a kiss, they do, Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*]

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wondrous fond now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. Od, if I had you alone, house-wife, I'd show you how fond I cou'd be — [*Aside to Flora.*] At a little farmhouse, madam, about five miles off; he'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening—Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine. [*To Flora.*]

Vio. Is he in health?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wondrous well. [*To Lissardo.*]

Liss. No, every body knows I counterfeit very ill. [*To Flora.*]

Vio. How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper? Ha!

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted — love, madam, love—in short, madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lilbon. I am sure he cou'd not, if I may judge of his heart by my own. [*Looking lovingly upon Flora.*]

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Lissardo?

Liss. By an infallible rule, madam; words are the pictures of the mind, you know; now to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you — for example, madam, coming from shooting t'other day, with a brace of partridges, Lissardo, said he, go bid the cook roast me these Violantes—I flew into the kitchen, full of thoughts of thee, cry'd, Here, cook, roast me these Florellas. [*To Flora.*]

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent—you mimick your master then it seems.

Liss. I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue:—another time, madam, the priest came to make him a visit, he call'd out hastily, Lissardo, said he, bring a Violante for my father to sit down on;—then he often mistook my name, madam, and call'd me Violante;

in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, madam. [*Kisses Flora's Hand.*]

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry; had you treats and balls?

Liss. Oh! yes, yes, madam, several.

Flo. You are mad, Lissardo, you don't mind what my ady says to you. [*Aside to Lissardo.*]

Vio. Ha! balls——is he so merry in my absence? and did your master dance, Lissardo?

Liss. Dance, madam! where, madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! what balls, madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in love, Lissardo; did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, madam! Odlife, I ask your pardon, madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some wash-balls of my master's t'other day; and because I could not think where I had laid them, just when he ask'd for them, he very fairly broke my head, madam, and now it seems I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, madam! no, no, poor gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

Vio. Poor Felix! there, wear that ring for your master's sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him.

[*Exit Vio.*]

Liss. I shall, madam——(*puts on the ring*) methinks a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman.

[*admiring his hand.*]

Flo. That ring must be mine——Well, Lissardo! what haste you make to pay off arrears now? look how the fellow stands!

Liss. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty hand——and very white,——and the shape!——faith I never minded it so much before!——in my opinion it is a very fine shaped hand——and becomes a diamond ring, as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

Flo. The man's transported! Is this your love! This your impatience!

Liss. (*Takes snuff.*) Now in my mind——I take snuff with a very jantee air——Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title, to make me a very fine gentleman.

[*Struts about.*]

Flo. Sweet Mr. Lissardo, (*courtesying*) if I may presume to speak to you, without affronting your little finger——

Liss. Odlife, Madam, I ask your pardon——Is it to me, or to the ring——you direct your discourse, madam?

Flo. Madam! Good lack! How much a diamond ring improves one!

Liss.

Liss. Why, tho' I say it—I can carry myself as well as any body—But what wert thou going to say, child?

Flo. Why I was going to say, that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring; it will be a very pretty wedding-ring, Lissardo, would it not?

Liss. Humph! Ah! But—but—but—I believe I shan't marry yet awhile.

Flo. You shan't, you say.—Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis.

Liss. No, no, I never bribe an old acquaintance—Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little, till we come to a right understanding—But then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

Flo. Insolent—Is that your manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee—Kiss me, you little rogue you. [Hugging her]

Flo. Little rogue! prithee, fellow, don't be so familiar, (*pushing him away*) if I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

Liss. You can you say! Spoke with the air of a chamber-maid.

Flo. Reply'd with the spirit of a serving man.

Liss. Prithee, Flora, don't let you and I fall out, I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flo. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora? when you don't know how soon my father may awake, his afternoon naps are never long.

Flo. Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long; these ladies consider no body's wants but their own. [Aside.]

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a candle.

Flo. Yes, madam.

Liss. I fly, madam. [Exeunt Liss. and Flora]

Vio. The day draws in, and night,—the lover's friend, advances—Night more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

Flo. (*Shrieks within.*) Ah thieves, thieves! murder, murder!

Vio. (*Shrieks.*) Ah! defend me heaven! What do I hear? Felix is certainly pursu'd, and will be taken.

Enter Flora running.

Vio. How now! why dost stare so? Answer me quickly! What's the matter?

Flo. Oh, madam! as I was letting out Lissardo, a gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

Vio. Ha! a dead person! Heav'n grant it does not prove my Felix.

Flo. Here they are, madam.

Enter Colonel with Isabella in his arms.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the meaning of the accident.

[Exit.

Col. (*Sets Isabella down in a chair, and addresses himself to Flora.*)

Madam, The necessity this lady was under, of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any indecency I might be guilty of, in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances; would I were so to her beauty too. *[Aside.]* I commit her, madam, to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure, if the street be clear; permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth, if I can be farther serviceable: pray, madam, how is the lady of this house called?

Flo. Violante, signior—He is a handsome Cavalier, and promises well. *[Aside.]*

Col. Are you she, madam?

Flo. Only her woman, signior.

Col. Your humble servant, mistress. Pray be careful of the lady——(*Gives her two moidores.*) *[Exit Col.]*

Flo. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow. This is the only way to make one careful; I find all countries understand the constitution of a chamber-maid.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Was you distracted, Flora? to tell my name to a man you never saw! Unthinking wench! who knows what this may turn to—What, is the lady dead? Ah! defend me heaven, 'tis Isabella, sister to my Felix, what has befallen her? Pray heaven he's safe.—Run and fetch some cold water. *[Exit Flora, and enters with water.]* Isabella, friend, speak to me; Oh! speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

Flo. See, she revives.

Isab. O! hold, my dearest father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks.——

Isab. Ha! where am I?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself can'st be.

Isab. Violante! What kind star preserved, and lodg'd me here?

Flo. It was a terrestrial star, call'd a man, madam; pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one.

Isab. Oh! I remember now; forgive me, dear Violante; my thoughts ran so much upon the danger I escap'd, I forgot.

Vio.

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Vio. May I not know your story?

Isab. Thou art no stranger to one part of it; I have often told thee that my father design'd to sacrifice me to the arms of Don Guzman, who it seems is just return'd from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he lock'd me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and having no hope left me, to escape the marriage, I leap'd from the window, into the street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope.

Isab. No, a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms; at first my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Flo. He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, madam, and a well-bred man, I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole life-time; then he open'd his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold cou'd equal.

Vio. There is but one common road to the heart of a servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous person to mistake it.—But how came you hither, Isabella?

Isab. I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next Monastery, but ere I reach'd the door, I saw, or fancy'd that I saw, Lissardo, my brother's man, and the thought that his master might not be far off, flung me into a swoon, which is all that I remember: Ha! What's here [*takes up a letter*] For Colonel Britton, to be left at the Post-House in Lisbon; this must be brought by the stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

Isab. I find he is a gentleman; and if he is but unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the world over.—But I shall never see him more I fear. [*Sighs and pauses.*]

Vio. What makes you sigh, Isabella?

Isab. The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Isab. Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

Vio. You command my house and secrecy.

Isab. I thank you, Violante.—I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. Flora awhile.

Vio. I'll send for her to you—I must watch if Dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix. [*Exit.*]

Isab. Well, I don't know what ails me, methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

Enter

Enter Flora.

Flo. Does your ladyship want me, madam?

Ifab. Ay, Mrs. Flora, I resolve to make you my confidant.

Flo. I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, madam.

Ifab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of gratitude.

Flo. O dear signiora, I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

Ifab. I believe it——But to the purpose——Do you think if you saw the gentleman which brought me hither, you shou'd know him again.

Flo. From a thousand, madam; I have an excellent memory where an handsome man is concerned; when he went away he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

Ifab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me——Tho' I'll not see him if he comes: cou'd not you contrive to give him a letter?

Flo. With the air of a duenna——

Ifab. Not in this house——you must veil and follow him——He must not know it comes from me.

Flo. What, do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Tho' I have not practis'd the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chamber-maid——Do you write the letter, and leave the rest to me——Here, here, here's pen, ink, and paper.

Ifab. I'll do it in a minute. [*Sits down to write.*]

Flo. So! this is a business after my own heart; love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great-Britain seems to be his favourite country.—Oh, I long to see the other two moidores with a British air——Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

Ifab. So I have done; now if he does but find this house again!

Flo. If he should not——I warrant I'll find him if he's in Lisbon.

[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*]

Enter Violante.

Vio. Flora, watch my papa, he's fast asleep in his study——if you find him stir give me notice.—Hark, I hear Felix at the window; admit him instantly, and then to your post.

[*Exit Flora.*]

Ifab. What say you, Violante? is my brother come?

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

Ifab. (*Kneels*) Oh! Violante, I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to Felix——by thy own generous nature——nay more by that unspotted virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

Vio.

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. 121

Vio. Contrary to thy desire, be assur'd I never shall. But where's the danger?

Isab. Art thou born in Lisbon, and ask that question? he'll think his honour blemish'd by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father, or kill me; therefore, dear, dear girl——

Vio. Depend upon my friendship, nothing shall draw the secret from these lips, not even Felix, tho' at the hazard of his love; I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

Isab. Remember, Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. [Exit.

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy fate.

Enter Flora and Felix.

Vio. My Felix, my everlasting love. *(runs into his arms)*

Fel. My life, my soul! my Violante!

Vio. What hazards dost thou run for me? oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If, during this tedious painful exile, thy thoughts have never wander'd from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No, if the god of love were lost to all the rest of human kind, thy image wou'd secure him in my breast; I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

Fel. My heart's the proper sphere where Love resides; could he quit that, he wou'd be no where found; and yet, Violante, I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my Felix?

Fel. True love has many fears, and fear as many eyes as fame; yet sure I think they see no fault in thee—what's that? *(the Colonel pats at the window without.)*

Vio. What? I heard nothing. *(He pats again.)*

Fel. Ha! What means this signal at your window?

Vio. Somebody, perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

Col. (Within) Hilt, hilt, Donna Violante, Donna Violante.

Fel. They use your name by accident too, do they, madam?

[Enter Flora.

Fla. There is a gentleman at the window, madam, which I fancy to be him who brought Isabella hither; shall I admit him? [Aside to Flora.

Vio. Admit distraction rather; thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch!

Fel. What, has Mrs. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? death, I'll know the bottom of this immediately!

[Offers to go.

Fla. Scout! I scorn your words, signior.

Vio.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me.

[*Runs and catches hold of him.*]

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to answer the gentleman, madam. It is none of his fault, that his visit proves unreasonable; pray let me go, my presence is but a restraint upon you.

[*Struggles to get from her.*]

[*The Colonel pats again.*]

Vio. Was ever accident so mischievous!

[*Aside.*]

Flo. It must be the Colonel; now to deliver my letter to him.

[*Exit.*]

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your delay — Why do you hold the man, whose absence would oblige you? Pray let me go, madam; consider, the gentleman wants you at the window, Confusion!

[*Struggles still.*]

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death, not you? Is there another of your name in the house? But, come on, convince me of the truth of what you say: open the window; if his business does not lie with you, your conversation may be heard. — This, and only this, can take off my suspicion — What, do you pause? Oh, guilt! guilt! Have I caught you? Nay, then I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it.

[*Breaks from her, and goes to the door where Isabella is.*]

Vio. Oh, heaven! What shall I do now, hold, hold, hold, hold, not for the world — You enter there — Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? [*Aside.*]

Fel. What, have I touch'd you? do you fear your lover's life?

Vio. I fear for none but you — for goodness sake, do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hear you, I am lost for ever; that door opens into his apartment. What shall I do if he enters? there he finds his sister — if he goes out, he'll quarrel with the stranger — nay do not struggle to be gone, my Felix — if I open the window, he may discover the whole intrigue, and yet of all evils we ought to chuse the least. Your curiosity shall be satisfied. Whoe'er you are that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

[*Goes to the window, and throws up the sash.*]

Col. I ask pardon; madam, and will obey; but when I left this house to night —

Fel. Good.

Vio. It is most certainly the stranger: what will be the event of this heaven knows. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, Sir.

Fel. No, no, he's not mistaken — Pray, madam, let the gentleman go on.

Vio.

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. 23

Vio. Wretched misfortune! pray be gone, Sir, I know of no business you have here.

Col. I wish I did not know it neither——But this house contains my soul, then can you blame my body for hovering about it.

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. Distraction! He will infallibly discover Isabella. I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

Fel. Matchless impudence! An assignation before my face—No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

[Takes out a pistol, and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.]

Vio. Ah! *[Scrieks]* Hold I conjure you.

Col. To-morrow's an age, madam! May I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your absence. Unfortunate! What will my stars do with me? *[Aside.]*

Col. I have done——Only this——Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping. *(Exit from the window.)*

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam.

(Walking off from her.)

Vio. I am all confusion. *(Aside)*

Fel. You are all truth, all love, all faith: Oh thou all woman!——How have I been deceived? S'death, cou'd you not have impos'd upon me for this one night? cou'd neither my faithful love, nor the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on.

Vio. Can I bear this from you? *[Weeps.]*

Fel. *[Repeats]* When I left this house to-night——To-night! the devil! return so soon!

Vio. Oh Isabella! What hast thou involv'd me in! *[Aside]*

Fel. *[Repeats]* This house contains my soul.

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the secret. *[Aside.]*

Fel. *[Repeats]* Be careful of my life, for 'tis in your keeping,——Damnation!——How ugly she appears!

[Looking at her.]

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, Felix, I have not injur'd you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false, not injur'd me! Oh Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false, oh monstrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not——There is a cause which I must not reveal——Oh think how far honour can oblige your sex——Then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honour, what hast thou to do with honour, thou that canst admit plurality of lovers? A secret? Ha, ha, ha, his affairs are wondrous safe, who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping;

keeping; but you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same!

Vio. My love!

[Offers to take his hand.

Fel. My torment!

[Turns from her.

Enter Flora.

Flo. So I have deliver'd my letter to the Colonel, and receiv'd my fee. [*Aside.*] Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was—for goodness sake, Sir, why do you speak so loud?

Fel. I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary, I'll oblige you. [*Going.*

Vio. Oh let me undeceive you first! [*takes hold of him.*

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible if I durst.

Fel. Durst? ha, ha, ha, durst, quotha?

Vio. But another time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be—thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell. [*Breaks from her and Exit.*

Vio. Oh exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even this, shall draw the secret from me.

*That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile,
And trust to love, my love to reconcile.*

[Exit.

A C T III.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. **W**AS ever man thus plagu'd? Odsheart, I cou'd swallow my dagger for madness: I know not what to think; sure Frederick had no hand in her escape—She must get out of the window; and she could not do that without a ladder: and who cou'd bring it her, but him? Ay, it must be so. The dislike he shew'd to Don Guzman in our discourse to-day, confirms my suspicion, and I will charge him home with it; sure children were given me for a curse! Why, what innumerable misfortunes attend us parents, when we have employed our whole care to educate, and bring our children up to years of maturity? Just when we expect to reap the fruits of our labour, a man shall, in the tinkling of a bell, see one hang'd, t'other whor'd—This graceless baggage—But I'll to Frederick immediately, I'll take the Alguazil with me and search his house; and if I find her, I'll use her——by St. Anthony, I don't know how I'll use her.

[Exit.

The

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Colonel with Isabella's letter in his hand, and Gibby following.

Col. Well, tho' I cou'd not see my fair *incognita*, fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh! How I love these pretty, kind, coming females, that wont give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them.—Oh Portugal! Thou dear garden of pleasure—where love drops down his mellow fruit, and every bough bends to our hands, and seems to cry, Come, pull and eat; how deliciously a man lives here without fear of the stool of repentance?—This letter I received from a lady in a veil—Some Duenna! Some necessary implement of Cupid! I suppose the stile is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. (*Reads.*) “Sir, I have seen your person, and like it”——*Very concise*——“And if you'll meet at five o'clock in the morning upon the *Terriero de passa*, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind.”—Ha, ha, ha, a philosophical wench: this is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man——“If your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for:”——Humph, the gentleman she takes me for; I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then, I am sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—Gibby.

Gib. Here, an lik yer honour.

Col. Follow me at a good distance, do you hear, Gibby?

Gib. In troth dee I, weel enough, Sir.

Col. I am to meet a lady upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Gib. The deel an mine-eyn gin I kenn her, Sir.

Col. But you will when you come there, firrah.

Gib. Like enough, Sir; I have as tharp an eyntul a bony lass, as ere a lad in aw Scotland; and what mun I dee wi her, Sir?

Col. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gib. In troth sal I, Sir, gin the deel tak her not.

Col. Come along then, 'tis pretty near the time—I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,

Whilst tasteless mortals sleep their time away.

[Exit

Scene changes to Frederick's House.

Enter Inis and Liffardo.

Liff. Your lady run away, and you know not whither! say you?

C

Inis.

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together; but you are very grave, methinks, Lissardo.

Liss. [*Looking on the ring.*] Not at all—I have some thoughts indeed of altering my course of living; there is a critical minute in every man's life, which if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

Inis. Ha! What do I see, a diamond ring! Where the deuce had he that ring? You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

Liss. Aye, the trifle is pretty enough—But the lady which gave it to me is a *bona roba* in beauty, I assure you.

[*Cocks his hat and struts.*]

Inis. I can't bear this—The lady!—What lady, pray?

Liss. O fye! There's a question to ask a gentleman.

Inis. A gentleman! Why the fellow's spoil'd! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man, you'll break my heart, so you will.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Liss. Poor tender-hearted fool.—

Inis. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I wou'd.

[*Sobs.*]

Liss. So, now the jade wants a little coaxing: Why what dost thou weep for now, my dear? Ha!

Inis. I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll—

Liss. No, the devil take me if she did; you make me swear now—so, they are all for the ring, but I shall bob 'em: I did but joke, the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore prithee dry thy eyes, and kiss me, come.

[*Enter Flora.*]

Inis. And do you really speak truth now?

Liss. Why, do you doubt it?

Fla. So so, very well! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has forsworn it so often.

[*Aside.*]

Inis. Nor han't you seen Flora since you came to town?

Fla. Ha! How dares she name my name?

[*Aside.*]

Liss. No, by this kiss I han't.

[*Kisses her.*]

Fla. Here's a dissembling varlet.

[*Aside.*]

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the devil; why, did not I always tell thee she was my aversion?

Fla. Did you so, villain? [*Strikes him a box on the ear.*]

Liss. Zounds, she here! I have made a fine spot of work on't.

[*Aside.*]

Inis. What's that for? Ha!

[*Brushes up to her.*]

Fla. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

Inis. Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trolup? Pray get about your business: If you go to that, I hope you pretend to no right and title here.

Liss. What the devil do they take me for an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me? [*Aside.*]

Flo. Pray what right have you, mistress, to ask that question?

Inis. No matter for that, I can shew a better title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What, has he given thee nine months earnest for a living title? Ha, ha.

Inis. Don't sling your flaunting jests at me, Mrs. Bold-face, for I won't take 'em, I assure you.

Liss. So! now I am as great as the fam'd Alexander. But my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me: now I fancy, if you wou'd agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

Flo. You satisfy! No, firrah, I am not to be satisfy'd so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither.—What, do you make no difference between us?

Flo. You pitiful fellow you; what, you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myself the trouble of dogging you, out of love to your filthy person; but you are mistaken, firrah—It was to detect your treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you; but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs, you said.

Inis. How, how, firrah, crooked legs! Ods! I cou'd find in my heart—

[*Snatching up her petticoat a little.*]

Liss. Here's a lying young jade now! Prithee, my dear, moderate thy passion.

[*Coaxingly.*]

Inis. I'd have you to know, firrah, my legs were never—your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, firrah.

[*passionately.*]

Liss. My master! so, so. [*Shaking his head and winking.*]

Flo. I am glad I have done some mischief, however. [*Aside.*]

Liss. [*To Inis.*] Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enrag'd woman says? Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? [*Runs to Flora.*] Cou'd not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion! You silly girl you; why, I saw you follow us plain enough, mun, and said all this, that you might not go back with only your labour for your pains—But you are a revengeful young slut tho', I tell you that; but come kifs, and be friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me; hang your kisses.

Fel. [*Within.*] Lissardo.

Liss. Od'sheart, here's my master; the devil take both these jades for me, what shall I do with them?

Inis. Ha! 'Tis Don Felix's voice; I wou'd not have him find me here, with his footman, for the world. [*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Within.*] Why, Lissardo, Lissardo!

Liss. Coming, Sir. What a pox will you do?

Flo. Bless me, which way shall I get out?

Liss. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mewed up in this clothes-press together, or stay where you are, and face it out—there is no help for it.

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the press, and she goes in.*]

Inis. I'll see her hang'd, before I'll go into the place where she is.—I'll trust fortune with my deliverance: here us'd to be a pair of back-stairs, I'll try to find them out. [*Exit.*]

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. Was you asleep, sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liss. I did hear you, and answer'd you, I was coming, Sir.

Fel. Go, get the horses ready; I'll leave Lisbon to-night, never to see it more.

Liss. Hey day! what's the matter now? [*Exit.*]

Fred. Pray tell me, Don Felix! what has ruffled your temper thus?

Fel. A woman—O friend, who can name woman, and forget inconstancy!

Fred. This from a person of mean education were excusable; such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure—Come, this is some groundless jealousy—Love raises many fears.

Fel. No; my ears conveyed the truth into my heart, and reason justifies my anger: Violante's false, and I have nothing left but thee, in Lisbon, which can make me wish ever to see it more, except revenge upon my rival, of whom I am ignorant. Oh, that some miracle wou'd reveal him to me, that I might thro' his heart punish thy infidelity!

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. Oh! Sir, here's your father Don Lopez coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liss. I can't tell, Sir, he ask'd for Don Frederick.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liss. I believe not, Sir; for, as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then—and, dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeased at my return without his leave. [*Exit.*]

Fred. Quick, quick, begone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr. Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you. Frederick, an affair brings me here—which—requires privacy

vacy—so that if you have any body within ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then, Sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any man in Portugal to have injur'd, than myself.

Fel. (Peeping) What means my father?

Fred. I understand you not, my lord.

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a son—alas! why name I him? he knows not the dishonour of my house.

Fel. I am confounded! The dishonour of his house!

Fred. Explain yourself, my lord! I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false! you have debauch'd my daughter.

Fel. Debauch'd my sister! Impossible! He could not, durst not be that villain.

Fred. My lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

Lop. You have debauch'd her duty at least, therefore instantly restore her to me, or by St. Anthony I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my lord! where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

Fel. Ha! in this house!

Fred. You are misinformed, my lord; upon my reputation I have not seen Donna Isabella, since the absence of Don Felix.

Lop. Then pray, Sir—if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Guzman yesterday?

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I fear'd, wou'd give your daughter cause to curse her duty, if she comply'd with your demands; that was all, my lord!

Lop. And so you help'd her thro' the window to make her disobey.

Fel. Ha, my sister gone! Oh scandal to our blood!

Fred. This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you I have neither seen, nor know any thing of your daughter,—if she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, Sir; however, my rigour shall make bold to search your house: here, call in the Alguazil.

Flo. (Peeping) The Alguazil! What, in the name of wonder, will become of me?

Fred. The Alguazil! My lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguazil and attendants.

Lop. No, Sir, tis you that will repent it: I charge you,

in the king's name, to assist me in finding my daughter——be sure you leave no part of the house unsearch'd; come, follow me. [*Gets towards the door where Felix is;*

[*Frederick draws, and plants himself before the door.*

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house, before you enter here.

Alg. How! Sir, dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am, Sir, I am his majesty's Alguazil, and the very quintessence of authority——therefore put up your sword, or I shall order you to be knock'd down——for, know, Sir, the breath of an Alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demi Culverin.

Lop. She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door——if he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. I shall shew you some sport first. The woman you look for is not here, but there is something in this room, which I'll preserve from your sight at the hazard of my life.

Lop. Enter, I say; nothing but my daughter can be there——force his sword from him.

[*Felix comes out and joins Frederick.*

Fel. Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house!

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, *misericordia!* What do I see, my son!

Alg. Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pounds good, my brethren, if Antonio dies, and that's in the surgeon's power, and he's in love with my daughter, you know——Don Felix! I command you to surrender yourself into the hands of justice, in order to raise me and my posterity; and in consideration you lose your head to gain me five hundred pounds, I'll have your generosity recorded on your tomb-stone——at my own proper cost and charge——I hate to be ungrateful.

Fred. Here's a generous dog now——

Lop. Oh that ever I was born——Hold, hold, hold.

Fred. Did I not tell you, you wou'd repent, my lord? What oh! Within there [*Enter servants*] arm yourselves, and let not a man in nor out but Felix——Look ye, Alguazil, when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice, but as a thief and robber thus resist you.

Fel. Generous Frederick! Come on, Sir, we'll shew you play for the five hundred pounds.

Alg. Fall on, seize the money, right or wrong, ye rogues.

[*They fight.*

Lop. Hold, hold, Alguazil; I'll give you the five hundred pounds; that is, my bond to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

Alg.

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. 31

Alg. Say you so, my lord ! Why look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill-will, my lord ; if I get but the five hundred pounds, my lord——why, look ye, my lord——'Tis the same thing to me whether your son be hang'd or not, my lord.

Fel. Scoundrels.——

Lop. Ay, well thou art a good-natur'd fellow, that is the truth on't——Come then we'll to the tavern, and sign and seal this minute. O Felix, be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my heart. [*Exit Lopez, Alguazil and Attendants.*]

Fel. Now, Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, I can't return the acknowledgments I owe you : know you aught relating to my sister ?

Fred. I hope my faith and truth are known to you——And here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. Oh fortune ! where will thy malice end ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I bring you joyful news, I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

Fel. I wish it be true, then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Prithee, Frederick, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

Fred. I will this minute——do you hear, let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. [*Exit.*]

Ser. I'll observe, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Flo. (Peeping.) They have almost frightened me out of my wits——I'm sure——now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady ; but then how shall I say I came into the cupboard ? [*Aside.*]

Enter a Servant, seeming to oppose the Entrance of somebody.

Ser. I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

Vio. (Within.) I tell you, Sir, he is here, and I will see him. (*breaks in*) You are as difficult of access, Sir, as a first minister of state.

Flo. My stars ! My lady here ! [*Shuts the press close.*]

Fel. If your visit was design'd to Frederick, madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, Sir, the visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your ceremonies, madam.

Vio. Tho' I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my ears, my eyes, and my understanding ly'd, then I am in your debt ; else not, madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they ly'd, but call it a mistake, nay call it any thing to excuse

cuse my Felix—Cou'd I, think ye, cou'd I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel? Or seek a reconciliation, with what I did not love? Do but consider, if I had entertained another, shou'd not I rather embrace this quarrel, pleas'd with the occasion that rid me of your visits, and gave me freedom to enjoy the choice which you think I have made; have I any interest in thee but my love? Or am I bound by aught but inclination to submit and follow thee—No law whilst single binds us to obey; but you, by nature and education, are oblig'd to pay a deference to all woman-kind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments: 'tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I wou'd rather tear them out, than suffer them to delude my reason, and enslave my peace.

Vio. Can you love without esteem? and where is the esteem for her you still suspect? Oh, Felix! There is a delicacy—in love, which equals even a religious faith! True love ne'er doubts the object it adores, and sceptics there will disbelieve their sight.

Enter Servant.

Fel. Your notions are too refin'd for mine, madam. How now, what do you want?

Ser. Only my master's cloak out of this press, Sir, that's all.—Oh! the devil, the devil.

[Opens the press, sees Flora, and roars out.]

Vio. Ha, a woman conceal'd! Very well, Felix!

Flo. Discover'd! Nay then legs befriend me. *[Runs out.]*

Fel. A woman in the press! *[Enter Lissardo.]*

How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

Liss. What shall I say now?

Vio. Now, Lissardo, shew your wit to bring your master off.

Liss. Off, madam! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great wit to, to, to bring him off, madam, for she did, and she did not come as, as, as, a, a, a man may say directly to, to, to, to speak with my master, madam.

Vio. I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, rascal! Speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall stick my stiletto in your guts.

Vio. No, no, your master mistakes, he wou'd not have you speak the truth.

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

Liss. I am so confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a lye. *[Aside.]*

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly; I'll know what business she had here.

Vio.

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. 33

Vio. Not a step ; your master shall not be put to the blush.
—Come, a truce, Felix ! Do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn forgiveness where I own no crime ; but your soul, conscious of its guilt, wou'd fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

Vio. Insolent ! Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, Sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you wou'd be taken for ; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy ; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and wou'd make me the aggressor——It was not for nothing the fellow oppos'd my entrance——This last usage has given me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance [Exit.]

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart, what wilt thou do ? Her father's will shall be obeyed : Ha ! That carries her to a cloister, and cuts off all my hopes at once——By heaven she shall not, must not leave me ! No, she is not false, at least my love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her : Ha ! villain, art thou here [turns upon Liffardo] tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here conceal'd. Or ——

Liff. Ay, good Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. *(falls on his knees.)*

Fel. Out with it then——

Liff. It, it, it, was Mrs. Flora, Sir, Donna Violante's woman——you must know, Sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while——She was not willing you should know it ; so when she heard your voice she ran into the clothes-press ; I wou'd have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it : this is the truth as I hope for a whole skin, Sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, firrah !——fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Liff. Yes, Sir, yes. [Exit.]

Fel. I must convince her of my faith : oh ! how irresolute is a lover's heart ! My resentments cool'd when her's grew high——nor can I struggle longer with my fate ; I cannot quit her, no I cannot, so absolute a conquest has she gain'd——woman's the greatest sovereign power on earth.

*In vain men strive their tyranny to quit,
Their eyes command and force us to submit—
So have I seen a mettled courser fly,
Tear up the ground, and toss his rider high,
Till some experienc'd master found the way,
With spur and rein to make his pride obey.*

SCENE

SCENE the Terriero de Passa.

Enter Colonel and Isabella veild. Gibby at a distance.

Col. Then you say, it is impossible for me to wait of you home, madam.

Isab. I say it is inconsistent with my circumstances, Colonel, and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. Consent to go with me then—I lodge at one Don Frederick's, a merchant just by here, he is a very honest fellow, and I dare confide in his secrecy.

Isab. Ha, does he lodge there? pray heaven I am not discover'd. [*Aside.*]

Col. What say you, my charmer? shall we breakfast together? I have some of the best bohea in the universe.

Isab. Puh! Bohea! is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings——Colonel!

Col. Well hinted——No, no, no, I have other things at thy service, child.

Isab. What are those things pray?

Col. My heart, soul, and body into the bargain.

Isab. Has the last no incumbrance upon it; can you make a clear title, Colonel?

Col. All freehold, child, and I'll afford thee a very good bargain. [*embraces her.*]

Gib. Au my sol, they mak muckle wards about it. Ise feer weary with standing, Ise e'en tak a sleep. [*Lies down.*]

Isab. If I take a lease, it must be for life, Colonel.

Col. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little time as thou wilt; my dear, come, let's to my lodging, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

Isab. Oh, not so fast, Colonel, there are many things to be adjusted before the lawyer and parson comes.

Col. The lawyer and parson! No, no, ye little rogue, we can finish our affairs without the help of the law——or the gospel.

Isab. Indeed but we can't, Colonel.

Col. Indeed! Why, hast thou then trepann'd me out of my warm bed this morning for nothing! Why, this is shewing a man half famish'd a well-furnish'd larder, then clapping a padlock on the door, till you starve him quite.

Isab. If you can find in your heart to say grace, Colonel, you shall keep the key.

Col. I love to see my meat before I give thanks, madam; therefore uncover thy face, child, and I'll tell thee more of my mind——if I like you.——

Isab. I dare not risk my reputation upon your If's, Colonel; and so adieu. [*Going.*]

Col. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Isab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your curiosity

riosity now; one step farther loses me for ever.—Shew yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour. [Exit.]

Col. Well, for once I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam—(Kisses her hand and parts.) But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship if Gibby observes my orders: methinks these intrigues, which relate to the mind, are very insipid—The conversation of bodies is much more diverting—Ha! What do I see, my rascal asleep? Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? And is it thus you observe my orders, ye dog?

[kicks him all this while, and he shrugs and rubs his eyes and yawns]

Gib. That's treu, an lik yer honour; but I thought that when ence ye had her in yer awn honds, yee mit a ordered her yer sal weel eneugh without me, en ye ken, and lik yer honour.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her: if you don't bring me some account of her, never dare to see my face again. [Exit.]

Gib. Ay! This is bony wark indeed, to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can well fill my weem, to be sent a whore-hunting after this black shee devil—What gat sal I gang to speer for this wutch now? Ah, for a ruling elder—or the kirk's treasurer—or his mon—I'd gat my master mak twa of this—But I am seer there's na sike honest people here, or there wou'd na be so muckle sculdurie.*

(Enter an English soldier passing along.)

Gib. Geud mon, did ye see a woman, a lady, ony gate here away enow?

Eng. Man. Yes, a great many. What kind of a woman is it you enquire after?

Gib. Geud troth, she's ne kenspekle, she's aw in a cloud.—

Eng. Man. What! 'Tis some high-land monster which you brought over with you, I suppose; I see no such, no I, kenspekle, quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, mon, the deel pike out yer eyn, and then you'll see the bater, ye English bag pudin tike.

Eng. Man. What says the fellow? [Turning to Gibby.]

Gib. Say! I say I am a better fellow than e'er stude upon yer shanks—an gin I heer meer a yer din, deel a my faul, Sir, but Ise crack yer crown.

Eng. Man. Get you gone, you Scotch rascal, and thank your heathen dialect, which I don't understand, that you han't your bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye de no understond a Scots man's tongue—Ise see gin ye can understond a Scots man's gripe: wha's the better mon now, Sir? [Lays hold of him, strikes up his back, and gets astride over him.]

* Fornication.

Here

Here Violante crosses the stage; Gibby jumps up from the man, and brushes up to Violante.

Gib. I vow, madam, but I am glad that yee and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What wou'd the fellow have?

Gib. Nothing, away, madam, wo worthy yer heart, what a muckle deel of mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby?

Vio. The man's drunk——

Gib. In truth am I not——An gin I had not fond ye, madam, the laird knows when I should; for my master bat me nere gang heam, without tydings of yee, madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geuh faith, my master has e'en dun that te yer honds, madam.

Vio. Who is your master, friend?

Gib. Money e'en spiers the gat they ken right weel——It is no so lang sen ye parted wi him, I wish he ken yee hafe as weel as he ken him.

Vio. Pugh, the creature's mad, or mistakes me for some body else; and I shou'd be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer.

Enter Lissardo at the upper end of the stage.

Lif. So, she's gone home, I see. What did that Scotch fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gib. Are you gaune, madam, a deel scope in yer company; for I'm as weel as I was? but I'll bide and see whafe house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to spier at.——Weel of aw men in the world, I think our Scots men the greatest feuls, to leave their weel favoured honest women at heam, to rin walloping after a pack of gycarlings hero, that shame to shew their faces, and peer men, like me, are forc'd to be their pimps! a pim! Godswarbit, Gibby's ne'er be a pimp—An yet in troth it is a threving trade; I remember a countryman aw mi aen, that by gang-ing a fikle like errants as I am now, came to gat preferment: My lad, wot yee wha lives here? [*Turns and sees Lissardo.*]

Lif. Don Pedro de Mendosa.

Gib. And did you see a lady gang in but now?

Lif. Yes, I did.

Gib. And dee ken her tee?

Lif. It was Donna Violante, his daughter; what the devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that's certain. 'Tis a cold morning, brother; what think you of a dram?

Gib.

Gib. In troth, very weel, Sir.

Lif. You seem an honest fellow; prithee let's drink to our better acquaintance.

Gib. Wi aw my heart, Sir, gang your ga' to the next house, and Ise follow ye.

Lif. Come along then.

[Exit.]

Gib. Don Pedro de Mendosa — Donna Violante, his daughter; that's as right as my leg now — Ise need na meer, I'll tak a drink, an then to my master. —

Ise bring him news will mak his heart full blee;

Gin he rewards it not, deil pimp for me.

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

SCENE Violante's Lodgings.

Enter Isabella in a gay Temper, and Violante out of humour.

Isab. MY dear, I have been seeking you this half hour to tell you the most lucky adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it, that you could possibly have found in the whole four and twenty.

Isab. Hang unlucky hours, I won't think of them; I hope all my misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isab. I have seen the man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

Isab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.

Isab. What say you, my dear?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at discoveries, Isabella; I have too lately made one pernicious to my ease; your brother is false.

Isab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true.

Isab. Some villain has traduc'd him to you,

Vio. No, Isabella, I love too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures; no, I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

Isab. Then am I most unhappy; my brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favour, I have no title to your friendship.

Vio. You wrong my friendship, Isabella; your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.

Ifab. Generous maid—But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false?

Vio. Another time—But tell me, Isabella, how can I serve you?

Ifab. Thus then—The gentleman that brought me hither, I have seen and talk'd with upon the *Terrero de Passa* this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity and good-humour; in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband, and have dispatched Mrs. Flora to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither, to what purpose?

Ifab. To the great universal purpose, matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why, do you design to ask him?

Ifab. No, Violante, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excus'd: I manage my own affairs too ill, to be trusted with those of other people; besides, if my father should find a stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a monastery immediately; I can't for my life admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you.—'Twas very imprudent to met him this morning, but much more to send for him hither, knowing what inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Ifab. I am not insensible, how far my misfortunes have embarrassed you; and, if you please, sacrifice my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd—Have not I preferr'd your happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

Ifab. I know thou hast—Then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in here last night.

Ifab. Not a syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the house, I order'd Mrs. Flora to bring him by the back-door into the garden.

Vio. The very way which Felix comes; if they should meet, there would be fine work—Indeed, my dear, I can't approve your design.

Enter Flora.

Fl. Madam, the Colonel waits your pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a message, mistress, without acquainting me?

Ifab. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear Violante, I acknowledge the rashness of the action—But consider the necessity of my deliverance.

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Vio. That indeed is a weighty consideration ; well, what am I to do ?

Isab. In the next room I'll give you instructions ! in the mean time, Mrs. Flora, show the Colonel into this.

[*Exit Flora one way, and Isabella and Violante another.*]

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

Flo. The lady will wait on you presently, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Col. Very well — This is a very fruitful soil. I have not been here quite four and twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already, but I hate the chace, without partaking of the game. [*Enter Violante wild.*] Ha, a fine fiz'd woman — Pray heaven she proves handsome — I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, Colonel ?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, madam ; a man is but a man. [*Takes her hand and kisses it.*]

Vio. Nay, we have no time for complements, Colonel.

Col. I understand you, madam — *Montre moi votre chambre.* [*Takes her in his arms.*]

Vio. Nay, nay, hold Colonel, my bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain purchase.

Col. Purchase ! Humph, this is some kept mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours. [*Aside.*] Look ye, madam, you must consider we soldiers are not overstock'd with money — But we make ample satisfaction in love ; we have a world of courage upon our hands now, you know. — Then prithee use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price. [*Puts his hand into his pocket.*]

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse, Colonel, my design is levell'd at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

Col. Ah, that it is faith, madam, and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee —

Vio. As law can do it.

Col. Hang law in love-affairs ; thou shalt have right and title to 'it out of pure inclination. — A matrimonial hint again ! Gad, I fancy the women have a project on foot to transplant the union into Portugal.

Vio. Then you have an aversion to matrimony, Colonel ; did you never see a woman, in all your travels, that you cou'd like for a wife ?

Col. A very odd question — Do you really expect that I should speak truth now ?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, Colonel.

Col. Why then — Yes.

Vio. Is she in your country, or this ?

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a catechism : but I don't

conceive which way it turns to edification : in this town, I believe, madam.

Vio. Her name is ———

Col. Ay, how is she call'd, madam ?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, Sir.

Col. Oh, oh, why she is call'd—Pray, madam, how is it you spell your name ?

Vio. Oh, Colonel, I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. No, I'm sorry for that.—What the devil does she mean by all these questions ? [*Aside.*]

Vio. Come, Colonel, for once be sincere.—Perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. Faith, madam, I have an inclination to sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my manners in question. This is like to be but a silly adventure, here's so much sincerity required. [*Aside.*]

Vio. Not at all: I prefer truth before compliment, in this affair

Col. Why then, to be plain with you, madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a window, whose person I cou'd be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part.—But whom she is, or how distinguished, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can't inform you ; perhaps you are she.

Vio. Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she, but I can give you an account of her : that lady is a maid of condition, has ten thousand pounds ; and if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

Col. I accept the offer with the highest transports ; but say, my charming angel, art thou not she ? (*offers to embrace her*) This is a lucky adventure. [*Aside.*]

Vio. Once again, Colonel, I tell you I am not she—but at six this evening you shall find her on the *Terriero de passa*, with a white handkerchief in her hand ; get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

Enter Flora hastily, and whispers Violante, who starts and seems surprised.

Vio. Ha, Felix crossing the garden, say you, what shall I do now ?

Col. You seem surpriz'd, madam.

Vio. Oh, Colonel, my father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd !

Col. Odilife, madam, thrust me any where ; can't I go out this way ?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that way : how shall I prevent their meeting ? Here, here, step into my bed-chamber, and be still, as you value her you love ; don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

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Col. On that condition, I'll not breathe.

[*Exit.*

Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while—but she is at home I find—how coldly she regards me.—You look, *Violante*, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me, after what I saw to-day!

Fel. Assurance, rather call it good-nature, after what I heard last night; but such regard to honour, have I in my love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my innocence; so much good-nature have I more than you, *Violante*——Pray give me leave to ask your woman one question; my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

Flo. I confess it, madam, and ask your pardon.

Vio. Impudent baggage, not to undeceive me sooner; what business cou'd you have there?

Fel. *Lissardo* and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Flo. I love to follow the example of my betters, madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified——

Vio. Since we are to part, *Felix*, there needs no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you; can you forget how I have lov'd?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own passion; I shou'd with less concern remember yours—but for mistress *Flora*——

Fel. You must forgive her;—must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, tho' the injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love than to ourselves: but at your request, *Felix*, I do forgive her: go watch my father, *Flora*, lest he should awake and surprize us.

Flo. Yes, madam.

[*Exit Flora.*

Fel. Dost thou then love me, *Violante*?

Vio. What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

Fel. Oh! let no man judge of love but those who feel it; what wondrous magic lies in one kind look!—One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint:—Oh the window, *Violante*, would'st thou but clear that one suspicion!

Vio. Prishee, no more of that my *Felix*, a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

Fel. Well, *Violante*, on that condition you think no more of a monastery.—I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

Vio. Ah, *Felix*, Love generally gets the better of religion

in us women : resolutions made in the heat of passion, ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. Oh, madam, madam, madam ! my lord your father has been in the garden, and lock'd the back-door, and comes muttering to himself this way.

Vio. Then we are caught : now, Felix, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid, this is most unlucky ! let me step into your bed-chamber, he won't look under the bed ; there I may conceal myself. [*runs to the door, and pushes it open a little.*]

Vio. My stars ! if he goes in there he'll find the Colonel—No, no, Felix, that's no safe place, my father often goes thither ; and should you cough, or sneeze, we are lost.

Fel. Either my eye deceiv'd me, or I saw a man within ; I'll watch him close——She shall deal with the devil, if she conveys him out without my knowledge. [*Aside.*] What shall I do then ?

Vio. Bless me, how I tremble !

Flo. Oh, invention, invention !——I have it, madam ; here, here, here, Sir, off with your sword, and I'll fetch you a disguise. [*Runs in and fetches out a riding hood.*]

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid Don Pedro.

Vio. Oh ! quick, quick, quick, I shall die with apprehension. [*Flora puts the riding-hood on Felix.*]

Flo. Be sure you don't speak a word !

Fel. Not for the Indies.——But I shall observe you closer than you imagine. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. [*Within.*] Violante, where are you, child ? [*Enter Don Pedro*] Why, how came the garden-door open ? Ha ! How now, who have we here ?

Vio. Humph ; he'll certainly discover him. [*Aside.*]

Flo. 'Tis my mother, and please you, Sir.

[*She and Felix both courtsey.*]

Pedro. Your mother ! By St. Andrew, she's a strapper ; why, you are a dwarf to her——How many children have you, good woman ?

Vio. Oh ! if he speaks we are lost. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Oh ! dear signior, she cannot hear you, she has been deaf these twenty years.

Pedro. Alas, poor woman——Why, you muffle her up as if she were blind too.

Fel. Would I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. Turn up her hood.

Vio. Undone for ever.——St. Anthony forbid : Oh, Sir, she has the dreadfullest unlucky eyes——Pray don't look upon them ; I made her keep her hood shut on purpose——Oh, oh, oh, oh !

Pedro. Eyes ! Why, what's the matter with her eyes ?

Flo.

Flo. My poor mother, Sir, is much afflicted with the cholick; and about two months ago she had it grievously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English geneva—which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defluxion in her eyes, that she could never since bear the day-light.

Pedro. Say you so?—Poor woman!—Well, make her sit down, Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

Vio. Let her daughter give her a glass below, Sir; for my part, she has frightened me so, I shan't be myself these two hours. I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

Fel. Well hinted.

Pedro. Well, well, do so: evil eyes, there is no evil eyes, child. [Exit Felix and Flora.]

Vio. I'm glad he's gone.

Pedro. Hast thou heard the news, Violante?

Vio. What news, Sir?

Pedro. Why, Vasquez tells me, that Don Lopez's daughter Isabella is run away from her father; that lord has very ill fortune with his children——Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagu'd with no suitors. [Aside.]

Vio. This is the first word I ever heard of it; I pity her frailty.——

Pedro. Well said, Violante.——Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin. [Enter Flora.]

Vio. I don't intend to stay so long, thank you, papa. [Aside.]

Pedro. My lady Abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided every thing in order for thy reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl——fifty times before that of matrimony, where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar of thee, or an ill-natur'd surly dog break thy heart.

Flo. Break thy heart! She had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun; I am sure I had, rather of the two.—You are wonderful kind, Sir; but if I had such a father, I know what I would do.

Pedro. Why, what wou'd you do, minx, ha?

Flo. I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature, and the end of the creation, as he had——

Pedro. You wou'd, mistress; who the devil doubts it? A good assurance is a chamber-maid's coat of arms! and lying, and contriving the supporters.—Your inclinations are on tip-toe, it seems—if I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoind you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month—you are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

Vio.

Vio. Fye, Flora, are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father? you said yesterday you wou'd be glad to go with me into the monastery.

Pedro. She go with thee! No, no, she's enough to debauch the whole convent.——Well, child, remember what I said to thee: next week——

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this too?— (*Aside.*) I am all obedient, Sir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

Flo. But little does he think what change she means.

(*Aside.*)

Pedro. Well said, Violante.——I am glad to find her so willing to leave the world, but it is wholly owing to my prudent management, did she know that she might command her fortune when she came at age, or upon day of marriage, perhaps she'd change her note.——But I have always told her that her grandfather left it with this proviso, that she turn'd nun: now a small part of this twenty thousand pounds provides for her in the nunnery, and the rest is my own; there is nothing to be got in this life without policy. (*Aside.*) Well, child, I am going into the country for two or three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle.——And then—Come, help me on with my cloak, child.

Vio. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt Pedro and Violante.*]

Flo. So, now for the Colonel. [*Goes to the chamber door.*]
Hift, hift, Colonel. [*Colonel peeping.*]

Col. Is the coast clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the wash-house, and jump from the garden-wall into the street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my neck if my incognita answers but thy lady's promise. [*Exeunt Colonel and Flora.*]

Re-enter Pedro and Violante.

Ped. Good-bye, Violante, take care of thyself, child.

Vio. I wish you a good journey, Sir. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. [*Enter Felix behind Violante.*]

Fel. I have lain perdue under the stairs, till I watch'd the old man out.

Vio. Sir, Sir, you may appear. [*Goes to the door.*]

Fel. May he so, madam?—I had cause for my suspicion, I find, treacherous woman.

Vio. Ha, Felix here! Nay, then, all's discover'd.

Fel. [*Draws.*] Villain, who e'er thou art, come out I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

Vio. What shall I say?—Nothing but the secret which I have sworn to keep can reconcile this quarrel. (*Aside.*)

Fel. A coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself; no, by St. Anthony, an altar should not protect—

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. 45

rect thee, even there I'd reach thy heart, tho' all the saints were arm'd in thy defence. [Exit.

Vio. Defend me, heaven! What shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.—

Enter Flora.

Fls. I have help'd the Colonel off clear, madam.

Vio. Say'st thou so, my girl? then I am arm'd.

Re-enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the devil in compliance to your sex convey'd him from my resentment?

Vio. Him, who do you mean, my dear inquisitive spark? Ha, ha, ha, ha, you will never leave these jealous whims?

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my dear; do you think I did not see you? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you; I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse into your wonted error: How easily your jealousy is fired? I shall have a blessed life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

Fel. No, because I find they have deceived me; well, I am convinc'd that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest, he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that man finds his love return'd, she becomes as errant a slave, as if she had already said after the priest.

Fel. The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears which cause their quarrels; when wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow, I will tell thee; my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's, we have time enough to finish our affairs.—But prythee leave me now, for I expect some ladies to visit me.

Fel. If you command it.—Fly swift, ye hours, and bring to-morrow on.—You desire I wou'd leave you, Violante.

Vio. I do at present.

Fel. So much you reign the sovereign of my soul,

That I obey without the least controul.

[Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am glad my brother and you are reconcil'd, my dear, and the Colonel escap'd without his knowledge; I was frighted out of my wits when I heard him return.—I know not how to express my thanks, woman—for what you suffer'd for my sake, my grateful acknowledgement shall ever wait you; and to the world proclaim the faith, truth, and honour of a woman.—

Vio. Prithce don't compliment thy friend, Isabella.—You heard the Colonel, I suppose.

Isab.

Isab. Every syllable, and am pleas'd to find I do not love in vain.

Vio. Thou hast caught his heart, it seems; and an hour hence may secure his person.—Thou hast made hasty work on't girl.

Isab. From thence I draw my happiness, we shall have no accounts to make up after consummation.

*She who, for years, protects her lover's pain,
And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh in vain,
To be his wife, when late she gives consent,
Finds half his passion was in courtship spent;
Whilst they who boldly all delays remove,
Find every hour a fresh supply of love.*

A C T V.

S C E N E, Frederick's House.

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. **T**HIS hour has been propitious, I am reconcil'd to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

Fred. Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter Lissardo.

Fel. What haste you made, sirrah, to bring me word if Violante went home?

Liss. I can give you very good reasons for my stay, Sir—Yes, Sir, she went home.

Fred. O! Your master knows that; for he has been there himself, Lissardo.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear?

Fel. What have you to say?

[Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.]

Fred. Ha, Felix changes colour at Lissardo's news. What can it be?

Fel. A Scots footman, that belongs to Colonel Britton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you? the devil! if she be false, by heaven I'll trace her. Prithce, Frederick, do you know one Colonel Britton, a Scotchman?

Fred. Yes; why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me that he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good harmless innocent fellow, I am sorry for it; the Colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home; he is a gentleman of a good estate,

estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles, and strict honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

Fred. Like other men, I suppose; here he comes.—

[Enter Colonel.

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. And not without some reason; if you knew all.

Fel. There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, Sir.

Col. That complement don't belong to me, Sir. But I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith, I know her not——only that she is a charming woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My heart swells with apprehension.—Some accidental rencounter.—

Fred. A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.—

Col. A tavern! No, no, Sir, she is above that rank, I assure you; this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. Ha, a velvet bed?—I thought you said but now Sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, Sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her bed?

Fred. Aye, aye, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then you must know, gentlemen, that I was conveyed to her lodgings, by one of Cupid's emissaries, call'd a chambermaid, in a chair thro' fifty blind alleys, who by the help of a key let me into a garden.

Fel. 'Sdeath, a garden, this must be Violante's garden.

[Aside.

Col. From thence conducted me into a spacious room, then dropt me a courtesy, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her modesty; this was Flora.

[Aside.

Fred. Well, how then, Colonel?

Col. Then, Sir, immediately from another door issued forth a lady, arm'd at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fall'n a martyr to her charms: for you must know, I just saw her eyes: eyes did I say? No, no, hold, I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her bed, Sir? 'Sdeath, this expectation gives a thousand racks.

[Aside.

Col. Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed-chamber.

Fel.

Fel. Upon her father's coming?

Col. Ay, so she said; but putting my ear to the key-hole of the door, I found it was another lover.

Fel. Confound the jilt! 'Twas she without dispute. [*Aside.*

Fred. Ah poor Colonel! Ha, ha, ha.

Col. I discover'd they had had a quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not, I can't tell; for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul. There is nothing left to doubt of now.—'Tis plain 'twas she.—Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me: 'Sdeath, I cannot bear it. [*Aside.*

Fred. So when she had dispatch'd her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber; ha, Colonel?

Col. No, pox take the impertinent puppy, he spoil'd my diversion, I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine! Give me patience, heaven, or I shall burst with rage. [*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worse, the nymph that introduced me conveyed me out again over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of having my neck broke; for the father, it seems, had locked the door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That way I miss'd him:—damn her invention. [*Aside.*] Pray, Colonel, was this the same lady you met upon the *Terriero de passa* this morning?

Col. Faith, I can't tell, Sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep—I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter Gibby.

Col. Where have you been, Sirrah?

Gib. Troth ise been seeking yee an' lik yer honour these twa hoors an meer. I bring ye glad teedings, Sir.

Col. What, have you found the lady?

Gib. Geud'faite, ha I Sir—and she's call'd Donna Violante, and her parent Don Pedro de Mendosa, en gin yee will gan wa'mi, an't lik yer honour, ise make yee ken the huse right weel.

Fel. O torture! torture!

[*Aside.*

Col. Ha! Violante! That's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is, sure it could not be her, at least it was not the same house, I'm confident. [*Aside.*

Fred. Violante? 'Tis false; I would not have you credit him, Colonel.

Gib.

Gib. The deel burst my bladder, Sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lye, and I'll make you eat it, you dog, (*kicks him*) and if your master will justify you.—

Col. Not I, faith, Sir.—I answer for no body's lyes but my own; if you please, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he dus, ise ne tak it, Sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards. [*walks about in a passion.*]

Col. I ow'd you a beating, Sirrah, and I'm oblig'd to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore say no more, d'ye hear, Sir? [*Aside to Gibby.*]

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This must be a mistake, Colonel, for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the *Terriero de Passa*.

Col. Don't be too positive, Frederick, now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, Sir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

Col. Sir?

Fel. Sir, I say I have a right to enquire into these reasons you speak of.

Col. Ha, ha, really, Sir? I cannot conceive how you or any man can have a right to enquire into my thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante.—And he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reasons for't, is a villain. [*Draws.*]

Col. What the devil have I been doing! now blisters on my tongue, by dozens. [*Aside.*]

Fred. Prythee, Felix, don't quarrel, till you know for what: this is all a mistake I'm positive.

Col. Look ye, Sir, that I dare draw my sword, I think will admit of no dispute—but tho' fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business, than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however I'll give you my honour never to have any affair directly or indirectly with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of her name, I hope you would not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel. Your vanity has given me sufficient reason to believe I'm not mistaken; I'll not be impos'd upon, Sir.

Col. Nor I bully'd, Sir.

Fel. Bully'd! 'Sdeath, such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? [*Draws.*]

Gib. (*Draws.*) Say ne meer, mon, aw my fol here's twa to twa, dona fear, Sir, Gibby stonds by ve for the honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*]

Fred. By St. Anthony, you shan't fight (*Interposes*) on bare suspicion; be certain of the injury, and then—

Fel. That I will this moment, and then, Sir—I hope you are to be found——

Col. Whenever you please, Sir.

[*Exit Felix.*

Gib. 'Sbleed, Sir, there neer was a Scotsman yet that sham'd to show his face.

[*Strutting about.*

Fred. So, quarrels spring up like mushrooms, in a minute: Violante and he were but just reconcil'd, and you have furnish'd him with fresh matter for falling out again; and I am certain, Colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

Gib. Gin I be, Sir, the man that tald me leed, and gin he dud, the deel be my landlord, hell my winter-quarters, and a rope my winding-sheet, gin I dee not lik him as lang as I can hold a stick in my hond, now see yee.

Col. I am sorry for what I have said, for the lady's sake; but who could divine that she was his mistress? prythee, who is this warm spark?

Fred. He is the son of one of our grandees, nam'd Don Lopez de Pimentell, a very honest gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his love.—He is an only son, which may perhaps be one reason for indulging his passion.

Col. When parents have but one child, they either make a madman or a fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only child, he has a sister; but I think, thro' the severity of his father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape, and notwithstanding he has offered five hundred pounds, he can get no tidings of her.

Col. Ha! how long has she been missing?

Fred. Nay, but since last night, it seems.

Col. Last night! The very time! How went she?

Fred. No body can tell; they conjecture thro' the window.

Col. I'm transported! This must be the lady I caught. What sort of a woman is she?

Fred. Middle-fiz'd, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give!

Col. Oh! I'm fir'd with this description—'Tis the very she—what's her name?

Fred. Isabella—you are transported, Colonel.

Col. I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of charms so exquisite and yet remain unmov'd? Oh, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the *Terriero de Passa*, and wait my happiness; if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at Violante's in spite of her brother's jealousy. (*Aside.*)

Dear

Dear Frederick, I beg your pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a gentleman upon business at five; I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.

Fred. Your humble servant, Colonel. [Exit.]

Col. Gibby, I have no business with you at present.

[Exit Colonel.]

Gib. That's weel—naw will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang with me to Don Pedro's huse.—Gin he'll no gang of himsel, ise gar him gang by the lug, Sir; godswarbit, Gibby hates a lear. [Exit.]

Scene changes to Violante's Lodging.

Enter Violante and Isabella.

Isab. The hour draws on, Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me, but I resolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

Isab. Only the force of resolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

Isab. My brother! which way shall I get out—dispatch him as soon as you can, dear Violante.

[Exit into the closet.]

Vio. I will. *(Enter Felix in a surly posture.)* Felix, what brings you home so soon, did I not say to-morrow?

Fel. My passion choaks me, I cannot speak; oh! I shall burst! *(Aside.)* [Throws himself into a chair.]

Vio. Bless me, are you not well, my Felix?

Fel. Yes,—no,—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey day! What's the matter now? another jealous whim!

Fel. With what an air she carries it!—I sweat at her impudence. [Aside.]

Vio. If I were in your place, Felix, I'd chuse to stay at home when these fits of spleen are upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them.

(Here he affects to be careless of her.)

Fel. I am very sensible, madam, of what you mean: I disturb you, no doubt; but were I in a better humour I should not incommode you less. I am but too well convinc'd you could easily dispense with my visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome—but when you reserve me for your ill-nature, I wave your merit, and consider what's due to myself—and I must be so free to tell you, Felix, that these humours of your's will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very principles of love.

Fel. (Rising.) And I must be so free to tell you, madam, that since you have made such ill returns to the respect

that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future, and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break as your vanity would tempt you to believe — I cannot brook the provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be borne — insolent ! You abandon ! You ! Whom I have so often forbid ever to see me more ! Have you not fall'n at my feet ? Implor'd my favour and forgiveness ? — did not you trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my heart ? ungrateful man ! If my chains are so easily broke, as you pretend, then you are the filliciest cockcomb living you did not break 'em long ago ; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing on whom such usage could make no impression.

Isab. (Peeping) A deuce take your quarrels ; she'll never think on me.

Fel. I always believed, madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power ; you would be less imperious, had my inclination been less forward to oblige you. — You have indeed forbid me your sight ; but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed your pride — your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me. — And the brightest passage of your life is, wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank.

[Walks about in a great pet.]

Vio. Matchless arrogance ! True, Sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving ; but we easily hazard what gives us no pain to lose. — As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you ; there are men above your boasted rank who have confess'd their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

Fel. Yes, madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my life, is not the least glorious part of your's.

Fel. Ha, ha, don't put yourself into a passion, madam, for I assure you after this day I shall give you no trouble. — You may meet your sparks on the *Terriero de Passa* at four in the morning, without the least regard to mine — for when I quit your chamber, the world shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleas'd with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave. — But what you mean by the *Terriero de Passa* at four in the morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no, not you — You was not upon the *Terriero de Passa* at four this morning ?

Vio. No, I was not ; but if I was, I hope I may walk where

where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtless, madam! And you might meet Colonel Britton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house.——And upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed-chamber——without asking my leave. 'Tis no business of mine if you are exposed among all the footmen in town.——Nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a half-penny a piece——they may without my leave.

Vio. Audacious! Don't provoke me——don't; my reputation is not to be sported with, (*going up to him*) at this rate.——No, Sir, it is not, (*bursts into tears*) inhuman Felix!——Oh, Isabella, what a train of ills hast thou brought on me! [*Aside.*]

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep.—A woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. [*Aside.*] Oh, Violante——'Sdeath! what a dog am I? now have I no power to stir:——dost not thou know such a person as Colonel Britton? prythee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning upon the *Terriero de Passa*?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate!——But I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act; by heaven, I have not seen the *Terriero de Passa* this day.

Fel. Did not a Scots footman attack you in the street neither, Violante?

Vio. Yes, but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this Scots Colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions, this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions; more than this I shall not satisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, Violante?

Vio. I'll answer nothing.——You was in haste to be gone just now, I should be very well pleas'd to be alone, Sir.
[*She sits down and turns aside.*]

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your contemplation.—Stubborn to the last. [*Aside.*]

Vio. Did ever woman involve herself as I have done?

Fel. Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her; for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty.
——(*He pauses, then pulls a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking.—Then draws a little nearer to her.*) Give me your hand at parting

however, Violante, won't you, (*Here he lays his open upon her knee several times.*) won't you——won't you——won't you?

Vio. (*Half regarding him*) Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, Violante. Oh, my heart!

Vio. (*Smiling.*) I thought my chains were easily broke. (*Lays her hand into his.*)

Fel. (*Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand in a rapture.*) Too well thou knowest thy strength——oh my charming angel, my heart is all thy own. Forgive my hasty passion, 'tis the transport of a love sincere!

Don Pedro within.

Ped. Bid Sancho get a new wheel to my chariot presently.

Vio. Bless me! my father return'd! what shall we do now, Felix! we are ruin'd, past redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my love; I can leap from thy closet window. (*Runs to the door where Isabella is, who claps to the door, and bolts it within side.*)

Isab. (*Peeping.*) Say you so? but I shall prevent you.

Fel. Confusion! Some body bolts the door within side; I'll see who you have conceal'd here, if I die for't; oh Violante! hast thou again sacrific'd me to my rival. (*Draws.*)

Vio. By heaven thou hast no rival in my heart, let that suffice——nav, sure, you will not let my father find you here——distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall——except you command this door to be open'd, and that way conceal me from his sight.

[*He struggles with her to come at the door.*]

Vio. Hear me, Felix——Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here: either you do love me, or you do not; convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate—I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in——

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do! I will go in, and, you shan't go in——and I will go in——why, who are you, Sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What shall I say now?

[*Aside.*]

Ped. Don Felix, pray what's your business in my house? ha, Sir.

Vio. Oh Sir, what miracle return'd you home so soon? some angel 'twas that brought my father back to succour the distress'd——this ruffian he, I cannot call him gentle-
man

man——has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own.

Fel. Ha, what the devil does she mean! (*Aside.*)

Vio. As I was at my devotion in my closet, I heard a loud knocking at my door, mix'd with a woman's voice, which seem'd to imply she was in danger——

Fel. I am confounded! [*Aside.*]

Vio. I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady veil'd, rush'd in upon me; who falling on her knees begged my protection, from a gentleman, who, she said, pursued her: I took compassion on her tears, and lock'd her into this closet; but in the surprise, having left open the door, this very person whom you see, with his sword drawn, ran in protesting, if I refus'd to give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

Fel. What in the name of goodness does she mean to do! Hang me! [*Aside.*]

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have enter'd—But he's in drink, I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum. [*Leering at Felix.*]

Ped. I'm amaz'd!

Fel. The devil never fail'd a woman at a pinch: what a tale has she form'd in a minute——In drink, quotha; a good hint; I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. (*Aside.*)

Ped. Fie, Don Felix! No sooner rid of one broil, but you are commencing another—to assault a lady with a naked sword, derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. (*Counterfeits drunkenness*) Who, I assault a lady——upon honour the lady assaulted me, Sir; and would have seiz'd this body politick upon the King's highway—let her come out, and deny it if she can—pray, Sir, command the door to be open'd, and let her prove me a liar if she knows how—I have been drinking right French claret, Sir, but I love my own country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, Sir?—Open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out—Come, I warrant thee he shan't hurt her.

Fel. Ay, now which way will she come off.

Vio. (*Unlocks the door*) Come forth, madam, none shall dare to touch your veil——I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life—I hope she understands me. (*Aside.*)

Enter Isabella veil'd and crosses the Stage.

Isab. Excellent girl! (*Exit.*)

Fel. The devil! a woman! I'll see if she be really so. (*Offers to follow her.*)

Ped.

Ped. (*Draws*) Not a step, Sir, till the lady be past your recovery.—I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, Sir.—I'll keep Don Felix here till you see her safe out, Violante.

Vio. Get clear of my father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, where all mistakes shall be rectified. (*Aside to Felix.*) [*Exit Violante.*]

Ped. Come, Sir, you and I will take a pipe and a bottle together.

Fel. Damn your pipe, Sir, I won't smook—I hate tobacco—Nor I, I, I, I won't drink, Sir—No, nor I won't stay neither, and how will you help yourself?

Ped. As to smocking or drinking, you have your liberty, but you shall stay, Sir. (*Gets between him and the door, Felix strikes up his heels and Exit.*)

Fel. Shall I so, Sir?—But I tell you, old gentleman, I am in haste to be married—And so God be with you.

Ped. Go to the devil—In haste to be married, quotha, thou art in a fine condition to be married truly!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's Don Lopez de Pimentell to wait on you, signior.

Ped. What the devil does he want? Bring him up, he's in pursuit of his son, I suppose.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to—this afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my Lord; but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which obliged me to return—What is your pleasure with me, my Lord?

Lop. I am inform'd that my daughter's in your house, Don Pedro.

Ped. That's more than I know, my lord; but here was your son just now as drunk as an emperor.

Lop. My son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my life; where is he, pray, Sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted any body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—Within there! [*Enter servant.*] Bid my daughter come hither, she'll tell you another story, my lord.

Ser. She's gone out in a chair, Sir.

Ped. Out in a chair! What do you mean, Sir?

Ser. As I say, Sir; and Donna Isabella went in another just before her, and Don Felix followed in another; I overheard them all bid the chair go to the *Terriero de passa*.

Ped.

Ped. Ha! What business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think.——Within there. [Exit.]

Lop. My heart misgives me plaguily——Call me an Alguazil, I'll pursue them strait.

SCENE changes to the Street before Don Pedro's House.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. I wish I could see Flora——Methinks I have an hankering kindness after the slut——We must be reconcil'd.

Enter Gibby.

Gib. Aw my sol, Sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha! brother! Give me thy hand, boy.

Gib. No se fast, se yee me—Brether, me ne brethers, I scorn a lyar as muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and yee must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, se yee me, or the deel ha my sol, Sir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Liss. Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha, for what? Sure you don't know what you say.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, as weel as yee de; therefore come along, and make no meer words about it.

[Knocks hastily at the door.]

Liss. Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

Gib. Fallow! Ise none of yer fallow, Sir; and gin this place were hell, id gar yee de me justice. [Lissardo going.]
Nay the deel a feet yee gang. [Lays bold of him, and knocks again.]

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. How now! What makes you knock so loud?

Gib. Gin this be Don Pedro's house, Sir, I wou'd speak with Donna Violante, his doughter.

Liss. Ha! Don Pedro himself, I wish I were fairly off.

[Aside.]

Ped. Ha! What is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gib. An she be your doughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for hersel now, and either justify or disprove what this shield told me this morn.

Liss. So, here will be a fine piece of work.

[Aside.]

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib. By my sol, Sir, Ise tell yee aw the truth; my master got a pratty lady upon the how de call't——

Passa

Passa—here at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam—And in troth I lodg'd her here; and meeting this ill-favour'd thiefe, se yee me, I spiered wha she was—And he told me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendosa's daughter.

Ped. Ha! My daughter with a man abroad at five in the morning: death, hell, and furies, by St. Anthony I'm undone.

Gib. Wounds, Sir, ye put yer faint intal bony company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog you? Adsheart I shall be trick'd of my daughter, and my money too, that's worst of all.

Gib. You dog you! 'Sblead, Sir, don't call names—I won't tell yee who my master is, se yee me now.

Ped. And who are you, rascal, that knows my daughter so well? Ha!

Liff. What shall I say to make him give this Scots dog a good beating? (*Aside.*) I know your daughter, signior? not I, I never saw your daughter in all my life.

Gib. (*Knocks him down with his fist.*) Deel ha my sol, far, gin ye get no your carich for that lye now.

Ped. What, hoa! Where are all my servants? *Enter servants on one side, Colonel, Felix, Isabella, and Violante on the other side.* Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter:

Serv. Here she comes, signior.

Col. Hey day! What's here to do?

Gib. This is the loon like tik, an lik your honour, that sent me heam with a lye this morn.

Col. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby; let him rise.

Ped. I am thunder-struck—and have no power to speak one word.

Fel. This is a day of Jubilee, Liffardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

Liff. A pox take his fists:—egad these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter? Then you have not hang'd yourself yet, I see.

Col. But she is married, my lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds, to whom?

Col. Even to your humble servant, my lord. If you please to give us your blessing.

Lop. Why, hark ye, mistress, are you really married? (*Kneels.*)

Isab. Really so, my lord.

Lop. And who are you, Sir?

Col. An honest North Briton by birth, and a Colonel by commission, my lord.

Lop.

A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. 59

Lop. An heretic! The devil! *(Holding up his hands.)*

Ped. She has play'd you a slippery trick indeed, my lord.—
Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married.—
Next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear.

[To Violante.]

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, Sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, Sir? you have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute,—when my thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop. Your daughter has play'd you a slippery trick too, signior.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my lord; her twenty thousand pounds was left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing call'd law, shall make you do justice, Sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that,—my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in-law.

[Exit.]

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib.

[Exit.]

Enter Frederick:

Fel. Frederick, welcome! ——— I sent for thee to be witness of my good fortune, and make one in a country dance.

Fred. Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. To the right about, Frederick; wish thy friend joy.

Fred. I do with all my soul; ——— and, madam, I congratulate your deliverance.—Your suspicions are clear'd now, I hope, Felix.

Fel. They are; and I heartily ask the Colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love has taught me to know, that every man's happiness consists in chusing for himself.

Liss. After that rule I fix here.

[To Flora.]

Flo. That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service, and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

Liss. Chuse, proud fool, I shan't ask you twice.

Gib. What say ye now, lass; will ye ge yer maidenhead to poor Gibby? ——— What say you, will ye dance the reel of Bogie with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my lady—I take you at your word, ——— And, tho' our wooing has been short, I'll by her example love you dearly.

[Musick plays.]

Fel.

Fel. Hark! I hear the musick; somebody has done us the favour to send them, call them in.

A Country Dance.

Gib. Wounds, this is bony musick — how caw ye that thing that ye pinch by the craig, and tickle the weam, and make it cry, Grum, Grum?

Fred. Oh! that's a guitar, Gibby.

Fel. Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

*No more let us thy sex's conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a proof to their eternal fame,
That Man has no advantage but the name.* }



F I N I S.

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The Provok'd Husband.
Published by W. Oxlade George Street July 1. 1776.

T H E

Provok'd Husband;

O R, A

Journey to London.

A C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E

A N D

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Written by the late

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and Mr. CIBBER.

— *Vivit tanquam Vicina Mariti.* Juv. Sat. VI.



L O N D O N:

Printed for and sold by W. OXLADE, at SHAKESPEARE'S
HEAD, in GEORGE-STREET, OLD-BAILEY.

MDCCLXXV.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

*THIS Play took Birth from Principles of Truth,
To make amends for Errors past of Youth.
A Bard, that's now no more, in riper Days,
Conscious review'd the Licence of his Plays:
And though Applause his wanton Muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual Minds admir'd.
At length he own'd, that Plays should let you see
Not only, what you are, but ought to be;
Though Vice was natural, 'twas never meant
The Stage should shew it, but for Punishment!
Warm with that Thought, his Muse once more took Flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious Life to Shame.
Such was the Piece his latest Pen design'd,
But left no Traces of his Plan behind.
Luxuriant Scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd;
Yet, through the Mass, his native Fire surviv'd:
Rough, as rich Ore, in Mines the Treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms at length a Play.
In which the bold Compiler boasts no Merit,
But that his Pains have sav'd you Scenes of Spirit.
Not Scenes, that would a noisy Joy impart,
But such as hush the Mind and warm the Heart.
From Praise of Hands no sure Account he draws,
But fix'd Attention is sincere Applause:
If then (for hard you'll own the Task) his Art
Can to those Embryon-scenes new Life impart,
The Living proudly would exclude his Lays,
And to the buried Bard resigns the Praise.*

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by MRS. OLDFIELD.

METHINKS I hear some powder'd Critics say,
 "Damn it! this Wife reform'd has spoil'd the Play!"
 "The Coxcomb should have drawn her more in Fashion,
 "Have gratify'd her softer Inclination,
 "Have tipt her a Gallant, and clinch'd the Provocation."

But there our Bard stopt short: For 'twere unceiv'ly
 To have made a modern Belle, all o'er a Devil!
 He hop'd, in Honour of the Sex, the Age
 Would bear one mended Woman——on the Stage.

From whence, you see, by Common Sense's Rules,
 Wives might be govern'd, were not Husbands Fools.
 Whate'er by Nature Dames are prone to do,
 They seldom stray but when they govern you.
 When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,
 No wonder then she plays him all the Game.
 But Men of Sense meet rarely that Disaster;
 Women take Pride, where Merit is their Master:
 Nay, she that with a weak Man wisely lives,
 Will seem to obey the due Commands he gives!
 Happy Obedience is no more a Wonder,
 When Men are Men, and keep them kindly under.
 But modern Consorts are such high-bred Creatures,
 They think a Husband's Power degrades their Features;
 That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty,
 Than that she never was reproach'd with Duty:
 And that the greatest Blessing Heav'n e'er sent,
 Is in a Spouse, incurious and content.
 To give such Dames a diff'rent Cast of Thought,
 By calling home the Mind, these Scenes were wrought.
 If with a Hand too rude the Task is done,
 We hope the Scheme by Lady Grace laid down,
 Will all such Freedom with the Sex atone,
 That Virtue there, unsoil'd by modish Art,
 Throws out Attractions for a Manly's Heart.

You, You, then, Ladies, whose unquestion'd Lives
 Give you the foremost Fame of happy Wives,
 Protect, for its Attempt, this helpless Play;
 Nor leave it to the vulgar Taste a Prey;
 Appear the frequent Champions of its Cause,
 Direct the Crowd, and give yourselves Applause.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Townly, of a Regular Life.

Mr Manly, an Admirer of *Lady Grace*.

Sir Francis Wronghead, a Country Gentleman.

Squire Richard, his Son, a mere Whelp.

Count Basset, a Gamester.

John Moody, Servant to *Sir Francis*, an honest Clown.

W O M E N.

Lady Townly, immoderate in her Pursuit of pleasures.

Lady Grace, Sister to *Lord Townly*, of exemplary Virtue.

Lady Wronghead, Wife to *Sir Francis*, inclined to be a fine Lady.

Mi's Jenny, her Daughter, pert and forward.

Mrs. Motherly, one that lets Lodgings.

Myrtilla, her Niece, seduced by the Count.

Mrs. Trusty, *Lady Townly's* Woman.

T H E

Provok'd Husband;

O R, A

Journey to London.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

Lord Townly solus.

WH Y did I marry!—Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable, with a woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it, that she has not broke in upon?—Yes,—let me do her justice—her reputation—that—I have no reason to believe is in question—but then how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking question! and her presumption while she keeps it—insupportable! for on the pride of that single virtue she seems to lay it down, as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice, this fertile town affords, is the birth-right prerogative of a woman of quality—amazing! that a creature so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness—thus, while she admits no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch! is left at large, to take care of his own contentment—'tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—yet let me not

be rash——perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient ; and some tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable.—Here she comes——let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after dinner, madam ?

Lady Town. Lord, my lord ! what can I possibly do at home ?

Lord Town. What does my sister, lady Grace, do at home ?

Lady Town. Why, that is to me amazing ! have you ever any pleasure at home ?

Lord Town. It might be in your power, madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady Town. Comfortable ! and so, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit, stay at home to comfort her husband ! lord ! what notions of life some men have !

Lord Town. Don't you think, madam, some ladies notions are full as extravagant ?

Lady Town. Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the penn of your precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed !

Lord Town. And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what must the world think of 'em, then ?

Lady Town. Oh ! this world is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any woman for liking it.

Lord Town. Nor am I, madam, a husband so well-bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it ; in short, the life you lead, madam——

Lady Town. Is, to me, the pleasanter life in the world.

Lord Town. I should not dispute your taste, madam, if a woman had a right to please no body but herself.

Lady Town. Why, whom would you have her please ?

Lord Town. Sometimes her husband.

Lady Town. And don't you think a husband under the same obligation ?

Lord Town. Certainly.

Lady Town. Why then we are agreed, my lord——for if I never go abroad, 'till I am weary of being at home——which you know is the case——is it not equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one's weary of being abroad !

Lord Town. If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

Lady Town. Don't let it be long a coming then——for I am in haste.

Lord Town. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

Lady Town. Before I know the question ?

Lord Town. Pishah——have I power, madam, to make you serious by intreaty ?

Lady Town. You have.

Lord Town. And you promise to answer me sincerely ?

Lady Town. Sincerely.

Enter a Servant. Lord

Lord Town. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously, why you married me?

Lady Town. You insist upon truth, you say?

Lord Town. I think I have a right to it.

Lady Town. Why then, my lord, to give you, at once, a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint, that lay upon my pleasures, while I was a single woman.

Lord Town. How, madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage, than before it?

Lady Town. O my lord! my lord! they are quite different creatures! wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

Lord Town. Name one.

Lady Town. Fifty, if you please!—to begin then, in the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet; invite them to dinner; appoint them a party in a stage box at the play; ingross the conversation; there call 'em by their christian names; talk louder than the players;—from thence jaunt into the city—take a frolicksome supper at an India house—perhaps, in her *Gaieté de Cœur*, toast a pretty fellow—then clatter again to this end of the town; break, with the morning, into an assembly; crowd to the hazard-table; throw a familiar *Levant* upon some sharp lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry—you'll owe it him, to vex him! ha! ha!

Lord Town. Prodigious!

[*Aside.*

Lady Town. These now, my lord, are some few of the many modish amusements, that distinguish the privilege of a wife, from that of a single woman.

Lord Town. Death! madam! what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife, than in an unmarried woman?

Lady Town. Why, the strongest law in the world, custom—custom time out of mind, my lord.

Lord Town. Custom, madam, is the law of fools: but it shall never govern me.

Lady Town. Nay then, my lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

Lord Town. I wish I could see an instance of it.

Lady Town. You shall have one this moment, my lord; for I think, when a man begins to lose his temper at home; if a woman has any prudence, why—she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again.

[*Going.*

Lord Town. Hold, madam—I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the life you lead! you don't want sense! and yet seem void of all humanity: for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

Lady Town. Oh! don't say that, my lord, if you suppose I have my senses.

Lord Town. What is it I have done to you? what can you complain of?

Lady

Lady Town. Oh ! nothing in the least : 'tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my lord Lurcher an hundred pounds these three weeks——but what then——a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know——and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money, she can't be su'd for, what's that to him ? as long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord Town. By heav'n, if my whole fortune thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the chearful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

Lady Town. That is, my lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

Lord Town. No, madam; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but different, as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deserve it—perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home—at least it shall not be my fault, if I have not more of your company—there, there's a bill of five hundred—and now, madam—

Lady Town. And now, my lord, down to the ground I thank you—now am I convinced, were I weak enough to love this man, I should never get a single guinea from him. [*Aside.*]

Lord Town. If it be no offence, madam——

Lady Town. Say what you please, my lord; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

Lord Town. How long, in reason then, do you think that
fun ought to last you?

Lady Town. Oh, my dear, dear lord! now you have spoil'd all again; how is it possible I should answer for an event, that so utterly depends upon fortune? but to shew you, that I am more inclin'd to get money, than to throw it away—I have a strong possession, that with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

Lord Town. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

Lady Town. O! the churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as with I might win ten thousand!—ten thousand! O! the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do, with ten thousand guineas! O' my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit—the—the might lose 'em all again.

Lord Town. And I had rather it should be so, madam; provided I could be sure, that were the last you would lose.

Lady Town. Well, my lord, to let you see I design to play all the good house-wife I can; I am now going to a party at Quadrille, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fith, with the duchess of Quiteright. [Exit Lady Townly.

Lord TOWN. Insensible creature! neither reproaches or indulgence, kindness, or severity, can wake her to the least reflexion! continual licence has lull'd her into such a lethargy of

care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence, as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken!—but how to cure it—I am afraid the physic must be strong, that reaches her—lenitives, I see, are to no purpose—take my friend's opinion—Manly will speak freely—my sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case—I'll talk with 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my lord, has sent to know, if your lordship was at home.

Lord Town. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my lord.

Lord Town. Very well; step up to my sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady Grace is here, my lord.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lord Town. So, lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

Lady Grace. A huge folio, that has almost kill'd me—I think I have half read my eyes out.

Lord Town. O! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

Lady Grace. That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord Town. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody but Mr. Manly.

Lady Grace. And why is he excepted, pray, my lord?

Lord Town. I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company?

Lady Grace. Your particular orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord Town. And your ladyship's enquiry into the reason of those orders, shews at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you!

Lady Grace. Lord! you make the oddest constructions, brother!

Lord Town. Look you, my grave lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

Lady Grace. I can't help that.

Lord Town. Ha! you can't help it, ha! ha! the flat simplicity of that reply was admirable!

Lady Grace. Pooh! you teize one, brother!

Lord Town. Come, I beg pardon, child——this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady Grace. If you desire it, brother! though upon my word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord

Lord Town. Well——there's nothing wrong, in your making a doubt of it——but in short, I find, by his conversation of late, that he has been looking round the world for a wife; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he's the first man I would give to you.

Lady Grace. Then, whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord Town. O! that's the last thing he'll do: he'll never make you an offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refus'd.

Lady Grace. Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

Lord Town. Not directly; but that imports nothing; he is a man too well acquainted with the female world to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe, that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me: which as yet (notwithstanding our friendship) I have neither declin'd, nor encourag'd him to.

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad we are so near, in our way of thinking; for to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me: You know he has a satirical turn; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue: and upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord Town. You are right, child: when a man of merit makes his addressee, good sense may give him an answer, without scorn, or coquetry.

Lady Grace. Hush! he's here——

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My lord! your most obedient.

Lord Town. Dear Manly, yours——I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my lord——*Lady Grace,* I kiss your hands!——What only you two! how many visits may a man make, before he falls into such unfashionable company! A brother and sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding! I question if there is so particular a Tête à Tête, again, in the whole Parish of St. James's.

Lady Grace. Fy! fy! Mr. Manly; how censorious you are!

Man. I had not made the reflection, madam, but that I saw you an exception to it——where's my lady?

Lord Town. That I believe is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my lord——

Lord Town. But, 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

Man. Now, if that were my case——I believe I——but I beg pardon, my lord.

Lord Town. Indeed, Sir, you shall not : you will oblige me, if you speak out ; for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my lord, since you oblige me to proceed — If that were my case, — I believe I should certainly sleep in another house.

Lady Grace. How do you mean ?

Man. Only a compliment, madam.

Lady Grace. A compliment !

Man. Yes, madam, in rather turning myself out of doors than her.

Lady Grace. Don't you think, that would be going too far ?

Man. I don't know but it might, madam ; for, in strict justice, I think she ought rather to go than I.

Lady Grace. This is new doctrine, Mr. Manly.

Man. As old, madam, as Love, Honour, and Obey ! when a woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a man balance any thing that's right ?

Lady Grace. Bless me, but this is fomenting things —

Man. Fomentations, madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel tumours ; tho' I don't directly advise my lord to do this — this is only what, upon the same provocation, I would do myself.

Lady Grace. Ay ! ay ! you would do ! batchelors wives indeed are finely govern'd.

Man. If the married men's were as well — I am apt to think we should not see so many mutual plagues taking the air, in separate coaches.

Lady Grace. Well ! but suppose it your own case ; would you part with a wife, because she now and then stays out, in the best company ?

Lord Town. Well said, Lady Grace ! come, stand up for the privilege of your sex ! This is like to be a warm debate ! I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a wife, after midnight, has no occasion to be in better company than her husband's ; and that frequent unreasonable hours make the best company — the worst company she can fall into.

Lady Grace. But if people of condition are to keep company with one another ; how is it possible to be done unless one conforms to their hours ?

Man. I can't find, that any woman's good breeding obliges her to conform to other people's vices.

Lord Town. I doubt, child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the question.

Lady Grace. Why so, my Lord ? I can't think the case so bad, as Mr. Manly states it — people of quality are not ty'd down to the rules of those, who have their fortunes to make.

Man. No people, Madam, are above being ty'd down to some rules, that have fortunes to lose.

Lady Grace. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord Town. Well, what say you to that, Manly?

Man. Why, 'troth, my Lord, I have something to say.

Lady Grace. Ay! that I should be glad to hear now!

Lord Town. Out with it!

Man. Then in one word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the mis-conduct of my Lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

Lady Grace. Bless me!

Lord Town. My treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you so idoliz'd her before marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a mistress, after it: In short, you continu'd the lover, when you should have taken up the husband.

Lady Grace. O frightful! this is worse than t'other! can a husband love a wife too well!

Man. As easy, Madam, as a wife may love her husband too little.

Lord Town. So! you two are never like to agree, I find.

Lady Grace. Don't be positive, brother!—I am afraid we are both of a mind already. [*Aside.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly?

Man. Never, Madam; 'till I can meet with a woman that likes my doctrine.

Lady Grace. 'Tis pity but your mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the woman that won't hear it.

Lady Grace. I think, at least, he can't say, that's me.

[*Aside.*]

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such intire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself! and, mercy on us! how many fine women's heads have been turn'd upon the same occasion!

Lord Town. O Manly! 'tis too true! there's the source of my disquiet! she knows, and has abused her power! nay, I am still so weak (with shame I speak it) 'tis not an hour ago, that in the midst of my impatience—I gave her another bill for five hundred to throw away.

Man. Well—my lord! to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you; for the greater your indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady Grace. Ay, Mr. Manly! here now, I begin to come in with you: who knows, my lord, but you may have a good account of your kindness!

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon: but since you have had so much patience, my lord, even go on with it.

it a day or two more! and upon her ladyship's next fall, be a little rounder in your expostulations; if that don't work—— drop her some cool hints of a determin'd reformation, and leave her——to breakfast upon 'em.

Lord Town. You are perfectly right! how valuable is a friend, in our anxiety!

Man. Therefore to divert that, my lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

Lady Grace. Ay, for goodness sake let's have done with this.

Lord Town. With all my heart.

Lady Grace. Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly?

Man. A propos——I have some, madam; and I believe, my lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord Town. Pray let's have it.

Man. Do you know, that your country neighbour, and my wife kinsman, sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family?

Lord Town. The fool! what can be his business here?

Man. Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you——no less than the business of the nation.

Lord Town. Explain!

Man. He has carried his election——against sir John Worthland.

Lord Town. The duce! what! for——for——

Man. The famous borough of Guzzledown!

Lord Town. A proper representative, indeed.

Lady Grace. Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have din'd with him, madam, when I was last down with my lord, at Bellmont.

Lady Grace. Was not that he, that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the tea-table, in making his compliments to my lady?

Man. The same.

Lady Grace. Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a year: though as it was left him, saddled with two jointures, and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is——but that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young hussy, for love, without a penny of money! thus having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family (for his dove breeds like a tame pigeon) he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good lord Danglecourt, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, and to put the whole management of what's left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

16. *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,*

Lord Town. A most admirable scheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politic prospect, he's now upon his journey to London——

Lord Town. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a journey into the country again.

Lord Town. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his money's gone or at least, 'till the session is over?

Man. If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

Lord Town. How so?

Man. O! a bitter business! he had scarce a vote, in the whole town, beside the returning officer; Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

Lord Town. Then he has made a fine business of it, indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done, in as few days as possible.

Lady Grace. But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

Man. No, madam, I would only spoil his project, to save his fortune.

Lady Grace. How are you concern'd enough to do either?

Man. Why——I have some obligations to the family, madam: I enjoy, at this time, a pretty estate, which Sir Francis was heir at law to: but——by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [to Man.] Sir, here's one of your servants from your house, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my lord?

Lord Town. Sir——the ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well, James! what's the matter now?

James. Sir, here's John Moody just come to town; he says sir Francis, and all the family, will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our house, Sir; he has been gaping and stumping about the streets; in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a parliament-man, till he hires a handsome whole house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

Man. I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

Lord Town. Pr'ythee! let's have him here: he will divert us.

Man. O my lord! he's such a cub! not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

Lady Grace. I beg of all things, we may have him: I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely.

Man. Then desire him to come hither, James. [Exit James.]

Lady Grace. Pray what may be Mr. Moody's post?

Man. Oh! his *Maitre d' Hotel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman; and sometimes——his companion.

Lord Town. It runs in my head, that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up, to give them the earliest proof, of what importance he is to the public, in this own country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at——sometimes being invited to dinner.

Lady Grace. And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her, than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the ladies, that will let her into their houses; and run in debt to all the shop-keepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds, by his eloquence, at Westminster; she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille, in the parish of St. James's.

Lord Town. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money; and his worship——will be ready for a jail.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this hopeful journey to London——but see here comes the fore-horse of the team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! honest John!

John Moody. Ad's waunds, and heart! measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a buss! why, that's friendly naw! flesh! I thought we should never ha' got hither! well! and how d'ye do, measter?——good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldness——I did not see, 'at his honour was here.

Lord Town. Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London; I hope all the good family is well.

John Moody. Thanks be prais'd your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Lady Grace. I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

John Moody. Noa, and please your ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the matter, John?

John Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you may think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all———pray how do they travel?

John Moody. Why i'th the awld coach, measter, and cause my lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart horses clapt to th' four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six: and so Giles Joulter, the plowman, rides postillion!

Man. Very well! the journey sets out as it should do [*Aside.*]
 What, do they bring all the children with them too?

John Moody. Noa, noa, only the young squire, and Miss Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half a crown a head, a week, with John Growse, at Smoke-Dunghill farm.

Man. Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

John Moody. Anon, sir. [*Not understanding him.*]

Lady Grace. Poor souls! what will become of 'em?

John Moody. Nay, nay, for that matter, madam, they are in very good hands: Joan loves 'um as thof' they were all her own: for she was wet nurse to every mother's babe of 'um—ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a belly-full there!

Lady Grace. What simplicity!

Man. The lud 'a mercy upon all good folks! what work will these people make! [*Holding up his hands.*]

Lord Town. And when do you expect them here, John?

John Moody. Why we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' awld weazlebelly horse tyr'd: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore wheels came crash! down at once, in Waggonrut Lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we cou'd set things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

John Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on't there is—why, my lady's geer alone were as much as fill'd four portmantel trunks, beside the great deal-box, that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Lord Town. *Lady Grace,* and *Man.* Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Grace. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

John Moody. Why there's my lady, and his worship; and the young squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lapdog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward, so they hoisted her into the coach-box—and then her stomach was easy.

Lady Grace. Oh! I see 'em: I see 'em go by me. Ha! ha! [*Laughing.*]

John Moody. Then you may think, measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famisht upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plum-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boild beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty as made th' owld coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and send 'em all well to town, I say.

Man. Ay! and well out on't again, John.

John Moody. Ods bud! measter, you're a wise mon; and for that matter, so am I—whoam's whoam, I say; I'm sure we ha' got but little good, e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. No-thing

thing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us, awth' dey lung! crack! goes one thing: bawnce! goes another. Woa, says Roger—Then fowse! we are all fet fast in a slough. Whaw, cries Miss! scream go the maids, and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck! and so mercy oa us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that fet out she would, thof' I told her, it was Childermas day.

Man. These ladies, these ladies, John—

John Moody. Ah, measter! I ha' seen a little of 'em; and I find that the best—when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

Lord Town. Well said, John. Ha, ha!

Man. I hope at least, you and your good woman agree still.

John Moody. Ay! ay! much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me: tho' as for her goodness—why, she was willing to come to London too—but hawld a bit! noa, noa, says I, there may be mischief enough done, without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

John Moody. Ah, weast heart, were measter but hawf the mon that I am—ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stawtly too sometimes—but then he canno' hawld it—no! he canno' hawld it.

Lord Town. Lady Grace, Man. Ha, ha, ha!

John Moody. Ods flesh! but I mun hye me whoam! th' coach will be coming every hour naw—but measter charg'd me to find your worship out; for he has hugey business with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. O John! I'll wait upon him.

John Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

John Moody. Just i'th' street next to where your worship dwells, at the sign of the Golden Ball—It's gold all over; where they sell ribbons and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

Man. A milliner's?

John Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly: waunds! she has a couple of cleaver girls there stitching i'th' fore-room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a woman of good business, no doubt on't—who recommended that house to you, John?

John Moody. The greatest good fortune in the world, sure! for as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there, but the fine gentleman, that was always riding by our coach side, at York races—Count—Basset; ay, that's he:

Man. Basset? Oh, I remember; I know him by sight.

John Moody. Well! to be sure, as civil a gentleman, to see to

Man. As any sharper in town.

[Aside
John

John Moody. At York, he us'd to breakfast with my lady every morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her ladyship will return his compliment here in town. [*Aside.*]

John Moody. Well, Measter——

Lord Town. My service to fir Francis, and my lady, John.

Lady Grace. And mine, pray Mr. Moody.

John Moody. Ay, your honours, they'll be proud on't, dare say.

Man. I'll bring my compliments myself: so, honest John——

John Moody. Dear measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you. [*Exit John Moody.*]

Lord Town. What a natural creature 'tis!

Lady Grace. Well! I can't but think John, in a wet afternoon in the country, must be very good company.

Lord Town. O! the Tramontane! if this were known at half the Quadrille-tables in town, they would lay down their cards to laugh at you.

Lady Grace. And the minute they took them up again they would do the same at the losers——but to let you see, that I think good company may sometimes want cards to keep them together; what think you, if we three sat soberly down, to kill an hour at Ombre?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, madam.

Lady Grace. No matter: I shall have as much advantage of my lord, as you have of me.

Lord Town. Say you so, madam? have at you then! here! get the Ombre table, and cards. [*Exit Lord Townly.*]

Lady Grace. Come, Mr. Manly——I know you don't forgive me now!

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeable?

Lady Grace. I'm sorry my lord is not here to take his share of the compliment——but he'll wonder what's become of us!

Man. I'll follow in a moment, madam——

[*Exit Lady Grace.*]

It must be so——she sees I love her——yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation? how amiable is every hour of her conduct? what a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex, for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one? such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointments, that pride, folly, and falsehood ever gave me!

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,

What Halcyon days were in the gift of wives!

Vain rovers, then, might envy what they hate;

And only fools would mock the married state.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Mrs. Motherly's House.**Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.*

Count Basf. **I** TELL you there is not such a family in England for you! do you think I would have gone out of your lodgings, for any body, that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the gentleman's being a parliament-man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own——

Count Basf. Pishah! pr'ythee never trouble thy head—His pay is as good as the bank!—Why, he has above two thousand a year!

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: Your people of ten thousand a year, have ten thousand things to do with it.

Count Basf. Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money; what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. Motherly?——

Moth. As how?

Count Basf. Why I have a game in my hand, in which, if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?——why then, I go, Sir——and now pray let's see your game.

Count Basf. Look you in one word, my cards lie thus—when I was down this summer at York, I happen'd to lodge in the same house with this knight's lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

Count Basf. And sometimes had the honour to breakfast, and pass an idle hour with her——

Moth. Very good! and here I suppose you would have the impudence to sup, and be busy with her.

Count Basf. Pishah! pr'ythee hear me.

Moth. Is this your game? I would not give sixpence for it: what! you have a passion for her pin-money——no, no, country ladies are not so flush of it.

Count Basf. Nay, if you won't have patience——

Moth. One had need to have a good deal, I am sure, to hear you talk at this rate! is this your way of making my poor niece Myrtilia easy?

Count Basf. Death! I shall do it still, if the woman will but let me speak——

Moth. Had not you a letter from her this morning?

Count Basf. I have it here in my pocket——this is it.

[*Shows it and puts it up again.*]

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any answer to it.

Count

Count *Bas.* How the devil can I, if you won't hear me!

Moth. What! hear you talk of another woman?

Count *Bas.* O lud! O lud! I tell you, I'll make her fortune—'ounds! I'll marry her.

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when she was a maid, your stomach is not so sharp set now, I presume.

Count *Bas.* Hey day! why your head begins to turn, my dear: the devil! you did not think I proposed to marry her myself?

Moth. If you don't, who the devil do you think will marry her?

Count *Bas.* Why, a fool——

Moth. Humph! there may be sense in that——

Count *Bas.* Very good——one for t'other, then; if I can help her to a husband, why should not you come into my scheme of helping me to a wife?

Moth. Your pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an honourable affair, you know you may command me——but pray where is this blessed wife and husband to be had?

Count *Bas.* Now have a little patience——you must know then, this country knight, and his lady, bring up, in the coach with them, their eldest son and a daughter, to teach them to——wash their faces, and turn their toes out.

Moth. Good!

Count *Bas.* The son is an unlick'd whelp, about sixteen, just taken from school; and begins to hanker after every wench in the family: the daughter, much of the same age, a pert, forward huffy, who having eight thousand pounds left her by an old doting grandmother, seems to have a devilish mind to be doing in her way too.

Moth. And your design is, to put her into business for life?

Count *Bas.* Look you; in short, Mrs. Motherly, we gentlemen, whose occasional chariots roll, only, upon the four axes, are liable sometimes, you know, to have a wheel out of order: which, I confess, is so much my case at present, that my dapple grays are reduc'd to a pair of ambling chairmen: now, if with your assistance I can whip up this young jade into a hackney-coach, I may chance, in a day or two after, to carry her in my own chariot, *en famille*, to an opera. Now what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep——for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the family's smoaking your design?

Count *Bas.* By renewing my addresses to the mother.

Moth. And how will the daughter like that, think you?

Count *Bas.* Very well——whilst it covers her own affair.

Moth. That's true——it must do——but, as you say, one for t'other, Sir, I stick to that——if you don't do my niece's business with the son, I'll blow you with the daughter, depend upon't.

Count *Bas.* It's a bet——pay as we go, I tell you, and the five hundred shall be stak'd in a third hand.

Moth. That's honest——but here comes my niece! shall we let her into the secret?

Count.

Count *Baf.* Time enough! may be, I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilia.

Moth. So, niece, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, madam, but Mr. Moody tells us the lady always burns wax, in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

Moth. Odsso! then I must beg your pardon, count; this is a busy time you know. *[Exit Mrs. Motherly.]*

Count *Baf.* Myrtilia! how dost thou do, child?

Myr. As well as a losing gamester can.

Count *Baf.* Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse, you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for't.

Count *Baf.* Why child, dost thou ever see any body overjoyed for winning a deep stake, six months after 'tis over?

Myr. Would I had never played for it!

Count *Baf.* Pshah! hang these melancholy thoughts! we may be friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count *Baf.* Useful ones, perhaps — suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count *Baf.* What do you think of the young country 'squire, the heir of the family, that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count *Baf.* Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you—hark! what bustle's that without?

Enter Mrs. Motherly in haste.

Moth. Sir! Sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door: they are all come!

Count *Baf.* What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out! — won't you step and lead in my lady? do you be in the way, niece! I must run and receive them. *[Exit Mrs. Motherly.]*

Count *Baf.* And think of what I told you. *[Exit Count.]*

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live — a faithless fellow! I am sure, I have been true to him; and for that only reason, he wants to be rid of me: but while women are weak, men will be rogues.

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead, led by Count Basset.

Moth. If your ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, madam, only for the present, till your servants have got all your things in.

Lady Wrong. Well! dear Sir, this is so infinitely obliging! — I protest it gives me pain tho', to turn you out of your lodging thus!

Count *Baf.* No trouble in the least, madam; we single fellows are

are soon moved ; besides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hindrance.

Moth. The count is so well bred, madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more, to accommodate your ladyship.

Lady Wrong. O dear, madam !——A good well bred sort of a woman. *[Apart to the Count.]*

Count Bas. O, madam, she is very much among people of quality, she is seldom without them in her house.

Lady Wrong. Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly ?

Moth. Now your ladyship is here, madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

Lady Wrong. I am mighty glad of that : for really I think people of quality should always live among one another.

Count Bas. 'Tis what one would choose, indeed, madam.

Lady Wrong. Bless me ! but where are the children all this while ?

Moth. Sir Francis, madam, I believe, is taking care of them.

Sir Fran. *[Within.]* John Moody ! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out——Come, children.

Moth. Here they are, madam.

Enter Sir Francis, Squire Richard, and Miss Jenny.

Sir Fran. Well, Count ! I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed !

Count Bas. Sir Francis ! give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir Fran. Pthah ! how dost do, mon ?——Waunds, I'm glad to see thee ! A good sort of a house this !

Count Bas. Is not that master Richard ?

Sir Fran. Ey ! Ey ! that's young hopeful——why do'st not baw, Dick ?

Squ. Rich. So I do, feyther.

Count Bas. Sir, I'm glad to see you —— I protest Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir Fran. Come forward, Jenny !

Jenny. Sure, papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myself ?

Count Bas. If I have permission to approach her, Sir Francis.

Jenny. Lord, Sir, I'm in such a frightful pickle —— *[Salute.]*

Count Bas. Every dress that's proper must become you, madam,——you have been a long journey.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better, to-morrow, Sir.

[Lady Wrong. whispers Mrs. Moth. pointing to Myrtilla.]

Moth. Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me : she will be proud to give your ladyship any assistance in her power.

Lady Wrong. A pretty sort of a young woman——Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. O, mamma ! I am never strange, in a strange place !

[Salutes Myrtilla.]

Myr.

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, madam——Madam, our ladyship's welcome to London.

Jenny. Mamma! I like her prodigiously! she call'd me my ladyship.

Squ. Rich. Pray mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too?

Lady Wrong. You! you clown! stay 'till you learn a little more breeding first.

Sir Fran. Od's heart! my lady Wronghead! why do you balk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squ. Rich. Why ay, feyther, does mother think 'at I'd be un-
civil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good humour, madam, he would soon gain upon any body.

[He kisses Myr.]

Squ. Rich. Lo' you there, mother: an you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, firrah! boys must not be so familiar.

Squ. Rich. Why, an' I know no-body, haw the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, Sir! D'ye think I play at such clownish games?

Squ. Rich. Why and you woant yo' ma' let it aloane; then he, and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at all-fours, without you.

Sir Fran. Noa! noa! Dick, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr. If master pleases, I'll shew it him.

Squ. Rich. What! the Humber! hey day! why, does our river run to this tawn, feyther?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a geam at cards, what the better sort of people play three together at.

Squ. Rich. Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but sister is always so cross-grain'd——

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people——and one has really been stuf't up in a coach so long, that——pray, madam——could not I get a little powder for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, madam.

[Exeunt Myr. and Jenny.]

Squ. Rich. What has sister taken her away naw! miffs, I'll go and have a little game with 'em.

[Ex. after them.]

Lady Wrong. Well, count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh't nawght to do.

Count Bas. Well, Sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but every little ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why ay naw, that's hearty!

Moth. Will your ladyship please to refresh yourself, with a dish of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs.

Moth. Very well, madam: it shall be ready immediately.
[Exit Mrs. Motherly.]

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

Count Bas. Shan't we stay for Sir Francis, madam?

Lady Wrong. Lard! don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! ne'er heed me—I ha' things to look after.
[Exit Lady Wrong. and Count Bas.]

Enter John Moody.

John Moody. Did your worship want mub?

Sir Fran. Ay, is the coach clear'd? and all our things in?

John Moody. Aw but a few band-boxes, and the nook that's left o'the goose poy—but a plague on him, th' monkey has gin us the flip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of 'um in this tawn—but heavy Ralph is skawer'd after him.

Sir Fran. Why, let him go to the devil! no matter, and the hawnds had had him a month agoe—but I wish the coach and horses were got safe to th' inn: this is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John; therefore I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

John Moody. Alas-a-day, Sir, I believe our awld cattle won't yeasily be run away with to-night—but howsomdever, we'll ta' the best care we can of 'um, poor sawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste then.—

[Moody goes out, and returns.]

John Moody. Ods flesh! here's master Monly come to wait upo' your worship!

Sir Fran. Where is he?

John Moody. Just coming in at threeshould.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your business.

[Ex. Moody.]

Enter Manly.

Cousin Manly! Sir, I am your very humble servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir Francis—and—

Sir Fran. Odsheart! this was so kindly done of you naw.

Man. I wish you may think it so, cousin: for, I confess, I should have been better pleas'd to have seen you in any other place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir Fran. Look you, cousin: thof I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, Sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

Man.

Man. I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe you will find it the most expensive one—your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! that—that did lick a little; but if a man's wife, (and I han't fawn'd yet that I'm a fool) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay if you have that secret——

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, cousin—you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short, then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what, at Westminster—that's one thing.

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i'the country——what then——I'm o'the Quorum——I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too——and mayhap they may find here,——that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean?

Man. That Sir John Worthland has lodg'd a petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why ay! there let it lie——we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!——why, you forget, cousin, Sir John's o'the wrung side, mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir Francis, that will do you but little service; for in cases very notorious (which I take yours to be) there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again, the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down to repair your fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, cousin, I think it my duty! the Wrongheads have been a considerable family, ever since England was England; and since the world knows I have talents where-withal; they shan't say it's my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay! this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it: mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither——

Man. You astonish me! what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me?

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it——every whit, cousin! you'll find that I have more irons i'the fire than one; I doan't come of a fool's errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my wife has got a friend at court, as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up——

Man. [*Aside.*]——And what in the devil's name would he do with the dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i'this tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

Man. [*Aside.*] Oh! he has taken my breath away! but I must hear him out——Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

Sir Fran. Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true! but she has tongue enough: she wean't be dash't! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplisht, you must still wait for a vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why I hope one has a good chance for that every day, cousin! For if I take it right, that's a post, that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of——It's like an orange-tree, upon that accawnt——it will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions! But pray where is my lady, and my young cousins? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir Fran. She is but just taking a dish of tea with the count, and my landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Odsheart! but you mun see her naw, cousin: what! the best friend I have in the world!——here! sweetheart! [*To a Servant without*] pr'ythee desire my lady and the gentleman to come dawn a bit; tell her here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure; why it's count Ballet.

Man. Oh! is it he?——your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think so too: he's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life——why! here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't that kind, naw?

Man. Extremely civil——the family is in admirable hands already!

Sir Fran. Then my lady likes him hugely—all the time of York races, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. O never fear! he'll mend that every day—Mercy on us! what a head he has! [Aside.]

Sir Fran. So! here they come!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Baffer, and Mrs. Motherly.

Lady Wrong. Cousin Manly! this is infinitely obliging! I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient servant, madam; I am glad to see your ladyship look so well, after your journey.

Lady Wrong. Why really! coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here, is very apt to deaden the complexion—and give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worst place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

Lady Wrong. Lord, cousin! how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moap'd up in the country?

Count Bas. Your ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, madam: Mr. Manly, your humble servant——a hem.

Man. Familiar puppy. [Aside.] Sir, your most obedient——I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. [Aside.]

Count Bas. Was you at White's this morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir; I just call'd in.

Count Bas. Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir; the same daily carcases, and the same crows about them.

Count Bas. The Demoivre-baronet had a bloody tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your share of him.

Count Bas. No, faith! I came in when it was all over——I think I just made a couple of bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's Arms.

Lady Wrong. What a genteel, easy manner he has! [Aside.]

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here. [Aside.]

Enter Squire Richard, with a wet brown Paper on his Face.

Sir Fran. How naw, Dick! what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knuck upon't.

Lady Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

Squ. Rich. Why, I was but running after sister, and t'other young woman, into a little room just naw: and so with that, they slapt the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here——I thought they had beaten my brains out! so I gut a dab of wet brown paper here, to swage it a while.

Lady Wrong. They serv'd you right enough! will you never have done with your horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh never heed it, lad! it will be well by to-morrow——the boy has a strong head!

Man. Yes, truly, his scull seems to be of a comfortable thickness. [Aside.]

Sir Fran. Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly——Sir, this is your god-son.

Lady Wrong. Oh! here's my daughter too.

Enter Miss Jenny.

Squ. Rich. Honour'd godseyther! I crave leave to ask your blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, child——and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father.

Lady Wrong. Miss Jenny! don't you see your cousin, child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty dear——[Salutes her.] may'tt thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsome, Sir.

Man. Hah! Miss Pert! Now that's a thought, that seems to have been hatcht in the girl on this side Highgate. [Aside.]

Sir Fran. Her tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady Wrong. That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there——so I brought her to London, Sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

Man. O, the best place in the world for it——every woman she meets will teach her something of it——There's the good gentlewoman of the house, looks like a knowing person; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little London behaviour.

Moth. Alas! Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my instructions.

Man. That I dare say: What thou can't teach her, she will soon be mistress of. [Aside.]

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly—I think we are got into a mighty good house here.

Man. O yes, and very friendly company.

Count Bas. Humph! I gad I don't like his looks—he seems a little smoky——I believe I had as good brush off——If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions. [Aside.]

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family——

Count Bas. It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of going——He don't care to leave me, I see: but it's no matter, we have

time enough. [*Aside.*] And so, ladies, without ceremony, your humble servant. [*Exit Count Basset, and drops a letter.*]

Lady *Wrong*. Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux I'll lay my life, but this is no place to examine it. [*Puts it in her pocket.*]

Sir *Fran*. Why in such haste, cousin?

Man. O! my Lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands, after such a journey.

Lady *Wrong*. I believe, Sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why truly, ladies seldom want employment here, madam.

Fenny. And mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young mistress.

Fenny. I hope not, Sir.

Man. Ha! Miss Mettle! — Where are you going, Sir?

Sir *Fran*. Only to see you to the door, Sir.

Man. Oh! Sir Francis, I love to come and go, without ceremony.

Sir *Fran*. Nay, Sir, I must do as you will have me — your humble servant. [*Exit Manly.*]

Fenny. This cousin Manly, pappa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour — I don't like him half so well as the count.

Sir *Fran*. Pooh! that's another thing, child — Cousin is a little proud, indeed! but, however, you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and no-body knows who he may give it to.

Lady *Wrong*. Pishah; a fig for his money, you have so many projects of late about money, since you are a parliament man. What! we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs, and then he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

Sir *Fran*. Who? Cousin Manly?

Lady *Wrong*. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your ladyship should know nothing of it! — to my Lord Townly's sister, Lady Grace.

Lady *Wrong*. Lady Grace!

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the News-Papers!

Lady *Wrong*. I don't like that neither.

Sir *Fran*. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady *Wrong*. [*Aside.*] If it is not too far gone, at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

Squ. *Rich*. Pray, feyther, haw lung will it be to supper?

Sir *Fran*. Odio! that's true! Step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my maids to shew her where she may have any thing you have a mind to.

Sir *Fran*. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

32 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,*

Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh ! what is not it i'the hawse yet — I shall be famisht—but hawld ! I'll go and ask Doll, an ther's none o'the goose-poy left.

Sir Fran. Do so, and do'st hear, Dick——see if ther's e'er a bottle o'the strong beer that came i'th' coach with us——if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring it up.

Squ. Rich. With a little nutmeg and sugar, shawn't I, feyther ?

Sir Fran. Ay ! ay ! as thee and I always drink it for breakfast—Go thy ways !—and I'll fill a pipe i'the mean while. [*Takes one from a pocket-case, and fills it.*] [*Exit Squ. Rich.*]

Lady Wrong. This boy is always thinking of his belly !

Sir Fran. Why, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his journey.

Lady Wrong. Nay, ev'n breed him your own way—He has been cramming in or out of the coach all this day, I am sure—I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny. O as for that I could eat a great deal more, mamma ; but then, mayhap, I should grow coarſe, like him, and spoil my shape.

Lady Wrong. Ay, so thou would'st, my dear.

Enter Squire Richard with a full tankard.

Squ. Rich. Here, feyther, I ha' browght it—it's well I went as I did ; for our Doll had just bak'd a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

Sir Fran. Why then, here's to thee, Dick ! [*Drinks.*]

Squ. Rich. Thonk yow, feyther.

Lady Wrong. Lord ! Sir Francis ! I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor—it's enough to make him quite stupid.

Squ. Rich. Why it never hurts me, mother ; and I sleep like a hawnd after it. [*Drinks.*]

Sir Fran. I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty years, and by your leave, madam, I don't know that I want wit : ha ! ha !

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, papa, if you would have been governed by my mother.

Sir Fran. Daughter, he that is governed by his wife, has no wit at all.

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a fool, Sir ; for I love to govern dearly.

Sir Fran. You are too pert, child ; it don't do well in a young woman.

Lady Wrong. Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her ! she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

Squ. Rich. [*After a long draught.*] Indeed, mother, I think my sister is too forward.

Jenny. You—you think I'm too forward ! sure ! brother mud ! your head's too heavy to think of any thing but your belly.

Lady Wrong. Well said, Miss, he's none of your master,

Squ. Rich. No, nor the shawn't be my mistress, while she's younger sister.

Sir Fran. Well said, Dick! shew 'em that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad!

Squ. Rich. So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all her! [*Drinks.*
Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So John! how are the horses?

John Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this tawn, it's made up o' mischief, I think!

Sir Fran. What's the matter naw?

John Moody. Why I'll tell your worship—before we were gotten to th' street end, with the coach, here, a great lugger-headed cart with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits; crack! went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says the glassies, all to shievers! marcy upon us! and this be London! would we were aw weell in the country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the country again these seven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your tongue, Jenny!—was Roger in no fault in all this?

John Moody. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather, are not yow asham'd, says Roger to the carter, to do such an unkind thing by strangers? noa, says he, you bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said that stood by—very well, says Roger, yow shall see what our meyster will say to ye! Your meyster, says he; your meyster may kiss my—and so he clapp'd his hand just there, and like your worship. Eleth! I thought they had better breeding in this tawn.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay, do, feyther; have him before the parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and so I will—I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

John Moody. I believe in London, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the rascal's name?

John Moody. I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

Squ. Rich. What, my name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

John Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

John Moody. By my troth, Sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he wou'd pool us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so? Odszooks! get me a constable.

Lady Wrong. Pooh! get you a good supper. Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat for what can't be helpt. Accidents will

will happen to people that travel abroad to see the world——For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not over-turn'd before we were all out on't.

Sir Fran. Why, ay, that's true again, my dear.

Lady Wrong. Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy one at second hand, for present use; to bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

John Moody. Why, troth, Sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a day longer.

Sir Fran. Dye think so, John?

John Moody. Why you ha' had it, ever since your worship were high sheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and see what Doll has got us for supper——and come and get off my boots. [Exit Sir Fran.]

Lady Wrong. In the mean time, Miss, do you step to Handy, and bid her get me some fresh night-clothes.

[Exit Lady Wrong.]

Jenny. Yes, mamma, and some for myself too. [Exit Jenny.]

Squ. Rich. Odstesh! and what man I do all alone?

I'll e'en seek out where rother pratty Miss is,
And she and I'll go and play at cards for kisses.

[Exit.]

A C T III. S C E N E. I.

SCENE, *the Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

Lord Town. **W**HO's there?
Serv. My Lord.

Lord Town. Bid them get dinner——Lady Grace, your servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Grace. What, is the house up already? My lady is not dress'd yet!

Lord Town. No matter—it's three o'clock—she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

Lady Grace. Nay you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord Town. That, I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady Grace. No, upon my word, she is engaged in company.

Lord Town. Where, pray?

Lady Grace. At my lady Rowel's; and you know they never dine 'till supper-time.

Lord Town. No, truly——she is one of those orderly ladies, who never let the sun shine upon any of their vices!——But pr'ythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day?

Lady

Lady Grace. O! in tip-top spirits, I can assure you—she won a good deal last night.

Lord Town. I know no difference between her winning or losing; while she continues her course of life.

Lady Grace. However, she is better in good humour than bad.

Lord Town. Much alike: when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it: when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my share of her.

Lady Grace. Well, we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here?

Lord Town. Mainly promis'd me—by the way, madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

Lady Grace. — I am a little at a stand about it.

Lord Town. How so?

Lady Grace. Why — I don't know how he can ever have any thoughts of me; that could lay down such severe rules upon wives, in my hearing.

Lord Town. Did you think his rules unreasonable?

Lady Grace. I can't say I did: but he might have had a little more complaisance before me, at least.

Lord Town. Complaisance is only a proof of good breeding: but his plainness was a certain proof of his honesty; nay, of his good opinion of you: for he would never have open'd himself so freely, but in confidence that your good sense could not be disobligh'd at it.

Lady Grace. My good opinion of him, brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: but I have receiv'd a letter this morning that shews him a very different man from what I thought him.

Lord Town. A letter from whom?

Lady Grace. That I don't know; but there it is.

[Gives a letter.

Lord Town. Pray let's see.

[Reads.

The inclos'd, madam, fell accidentally into my hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend and humble servant, Unknown, &c.

Lady Grace. And this was the inclos'd. [Giving another.

Lord Town. [Reads.] To Charles Mauley, Esq;

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me; that I now grow as painful to you, as to myself: but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worse than I did before I left an honest income for the vain hopes of being ever yours.

Myrtilla Dupe.

P. S. 'Tis above four months since I receiv'd a shilling from you.

Lady Grace. What think you now?

Lord Town. I am considering——

Lady Grace. You see it's directed to him——

Lord Town. That's true: but the postscript seems to be a reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady Grace. But who could have concern enough, to send it

Lord

Lord Town. I have observed that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

Lady Grace. What would you have me do in it?

Lord Town. What I think you ought to do—fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

Lady Grace. Will not that have a very odd look, from me?

Lord Town. Not at all, if you use my name in it; if he is innocent, his impatience to appear so, will discover his regard to you. If he is guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his addresses.

Lady Grace. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

Lord Town. I can't think there's any fear of that.

Lady Grace. Pray what is it you think then?

Lord Town. Why certainly, that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concerned in it——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my lord.

Lord Town. Do you receive him; while I step a minute in to my lady. [*Exit Lord Townly.*]

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most obedient; they told me, my lord was here.

Lady Grace. He will be here presently; he is but just gone in to my sister.

Man. So! then my lady dines with us.

Lady Grace. No; she is engag'd.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, madam?

Lady Grace. Not till after dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have dispos'd of the rest of the day?

Lady Grace. Much as usual! she has visits 'till about eight; after that, 'till court-time, she is to be at quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's: after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my lady Moonlight: and from thence, they go together to my lord Noble's assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, madam?

Lady Grace. Only a few of the visits; I would indeed have drawn her to the play; but I doubt we have so much upon our hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady Grace. There's no great merit in forbearing, what one is not charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have pass'd a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleas'd when I was at quiet without 'em.

Lady Grace. What induc'd you, then, to be with them?

Man.

Man. Idleness, and the fashion.

Lady Grace. No mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly——Yes——being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the bawbles.

Lady Grace. And of course, I suppose sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why really, where fancy only makes the choice, madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled in those sort of bargains, which I confess has been often my case: for I had constantly some coquette, or other, upon my hands, whom I could love perhaps just enough, to put it in her power to plague me.

Lady Grace. And that's a pow'r, I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The amours of a coquette, madam, seldom have any other view! I look upon them, and prudes, to be nuisances, just alike; tho' they seem very different: the first are always plaguing the men; and the other are always abusing the women.

Lady Grace. And yet both of them do it for the same vain ends; to establish a false character of being virtuous.

Man. Of being chaste, they mean; for they know no other virtue: and, upon the credit of that, they traffick in every thing else, that's vicious: they (even against nature) keep their chastity, only because they find they have more power to do mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

Lady Grace. Hold! Mr. Manly: I am afraid this severe opinion of the sex, is owing to the ill choice you have made of your mistresses.

Man. In a great measure it may be so; but, madam, if both these characters are so odious; how vastly valuable is that woman, who has attain'd all they aim at without the aid of the folly or vice of either!

Lady Grace. I believe those sort of women to be as scarce, Sir, as the men that believe there are any such; or that allowing such have virtue enough to deserve them.

Man. That *could* deserve them then——had been a more favourable reflection!

Lady Grace. Nay, I speak only from my little experience: for (I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly) I don't know a man in the world, that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit, than yourself: and yet I have a reason, in my hand, here, to think you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, madam; but I am sure, the want of an implicit respect for you, is not among the number——pray what is in your hand, madam?

Lady Grace. Nay, Sir, I have no title to it; for the direction is to you.

[Gives him a letter.]

Man. To me! I don't remember the hand——Reads to himself.

Lady Grace. I can't perceive any charge of guilt in him! and his surprise seems natural! [Aside.]——Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly; that I should never have shewn you this, but that my brother enjoin'd me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my lord's good opinion of me, madam.

Lady Grace. I hope, at least, it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, madam, that wanted an excuse; and, I hope, you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

Lady Grace. I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, madam, to indulge me so far, as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

Lady Grace. Inclos'd to me in this, without a name.

Man. If there be no secret in the contents, madam——

Lady Grace. Why——there is an impertinent insinuation in it: but as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, madam.

[*He takes the other letter and reads.*]

Lady Grace. [*Aside.*] Now am I in the oddest situation! methinks our conversation grows terribly critical! This must produce something:——O! I would it were over!

Man. Now, madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project, that is at the bottom of all this.

Lady Grace. I have no notion of what could be proposed by it!

Man. A little patience, madam——First, as to the insinuation you mention——

Lady Grace. O! what is he going to say now! [*Aside.*]

Man. Tho' my intimacy with my lord may have allow'd my visits to have been very frequent here of late; yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those visits are plac'd to your account: and this taken for granted, I suppose has been told to my lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary circumstances.

Lady Grace. My lady Wronghead!

Man. Ay, madam, for I am positive this is her hand!

Lady Grace. What view could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of marriage, she may have heard I am engaged in: because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But, I hope, she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least uneasiness——I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

Lady Grace. That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly.

Man. Yes, madam, because I am sure I cannot convince you of my innocence.

Lady Grace. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

Lady

Lady Grace. With what an artful gentleness he steals into my opinion! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have to little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity—but pray do you suppose, then, this Myrtilla is a real, or a fictitious name?

Man. Now I recollect, madam, there is a young woman, in the house, where my lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilla: this letter may be written by her—but how it came directed to me, I confess is a mystery; that before I ever presume to see your ladyship again, I think myself obliged, in honour, to find out. [*Going.*]

Lady Grace. Mr. Manly—you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next street, madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

Lady Grace. Nay! but dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat, nor rest, till I see an end of this affair!

Lady Grace. But this is so odd! why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, madam; then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity———[*Exit Manly.*]

Lady Grace. Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me?—I hope not—for I am sure, the case is terribly clear on my side! and why may not I, without vanity, suppose my——unaccountable somewhat——has done as much execution upon him?—why—because he never told me so—nay, he has not so much as mentioned the word love, or ever said one civil thing to my person—well—but he has said a thousand to my good opinion, and has certainly got it——had he spoke first to my person, he had paid a long ill compliment to my understanding—I should have thought him impertinent, and never have troubled my head about him; but as he has manag'd the matter, at least I am sure of one thing, that let his thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my head about any other man, as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dress'd yet?

Trusty. Yes, madam; but my lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of humour.

Lady Grace. How so?

Trusty. Why, it began, madam, with his lordship's desiring her ladyship to dine at home to-day——upon which my lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my lord ordered them to stay the dinner, and then my lady ordered the coach; then my lord took her short, and said, he had order'd the coachman to set up: then my lady made him a great curtesy, and said, she would wait till his lordship's horses had din'd, and was mighty pleasant; but for

fear of the worst, madam, she whisper'd me — to get her chair ready.

Lady Grace. O here they come; and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company.

[Exit Lady Grace.]

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly following.

Lady Town. Well! look you, my lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing still but about my faults, my faults! an agreeable subject truly!

Lord Town. Why, madam, if you won't hear of them; how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady Town. Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it!

Lord Town. And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

Lady Town. Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows, I am never better company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! but to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction—why but last Thursday now, —there you wisely amended one of my faults, as you call them—you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade—and pray, what was the consequence! was not I as cross as the devil, all the night after? was not I forc'd to get company at home! and was not it almost three o'clock, in the morning, before I was able to come to myself again? and then the fault is not mended neither, ——— for next time, I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but dearning an old ruffe, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord Town. Well, the manner of womens living, of late, is unsupportable; and one way or other —

Lady Town. It's to be mended, I suppose! why so it may: but then, my dear lord, you must give one time—and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves! ha! ha!

Lord Town. Madam! I am not in a humour, now, to trifle.

Lady Town. Why then, my lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you, your own way now—you complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—so far are we even, you'll allow—but pray which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world? my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull drowsy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early, to open his shop!—Faugh!

Lord Town. Fy, fy, madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then—'tis not your ill hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill company, that occasion those ill hours.

Lady Town. Sure I don't understand you now, my lord; what ill company do I keep?

Lord

Lord Town. Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it! Or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, conceal'd thieves, and sharpers in embroidery—or what, to me, is still more shocking, that herd of familiar chattering crop-eared coxcombs, who are so often like monkeys, there would be no knowing them asunder, but that their tails hang from their head, and the monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady Town. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord Town. Their being fools, madam, is not always the husband's security: or if it were, fortune, sometimes, gives them advantages might make a thinking woman tremble.

Lady Town. What do you mean?

Lord Town. That women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay; and if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduc'd to try if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

Lady Town. My lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord Town. So are the churches——now and then.

Lady Town. My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

Lord Town. Yes, and would do it oftner, if a groom of the chambers were there allowed to furnish cards to the company.

Lady Town. I see what you drive at all this while; you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice! I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord Town. Have a care, madam; don't let me think you only value your chastity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else, that's vicious——I, madam, have a reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours——The follies of an ungovern'd wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady Town. My lord—you would make a woman mad!

Lord Town. You'd make a man a fool.

Lady Town. If heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord Town. Whatever may be in your inclination, madam; I'll prevent you making me a beggar at least.

Lady Town. A beggar! Cæsus! I'm out of patience! I won't come home 'till four to-morrow morning.

Lord Town. That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be lock'd at twelve.

Lady Town. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow night.

Lord Town. Then, madam;—you shall never come home again. *[Exit Lord Town.]*

Lady Town. What does he mean! I never heard such a word from him in my life before! the man always us'd to have manners in his worst humours! there's something, that I don't see, at the bottom of all this—but his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other, so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. Manly, your servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I ask pardon for intrusion, madam; but I hope my business with my lord will excuse it.

Lady Town. I believe you'll find him in the next room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, madam?

Lady Town. Sir—you have my leave, tho' you were a lady.

Man. *[Aside.]* What a well-bred age do we live in!

[Exit Manly.]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Town. O! my dear lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady Grace. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady Town. Why yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here—

Lady Grace. Bless me! for what?

Lady Town. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning! we have been charming company!

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad of it! sure it must be a vast happiness, when a man and a wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

Lady Town. O! the prettiest thing in the world!

Lady Grace. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady Town. O my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others.—Why, here's my lord and I now; we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter! nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertain'd us.

Lady Grace. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady Town. O! there's no life like it! why t'other day for example, when you din'd abroad; my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful tête à tête meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room—

at last, stretching himself and yawning—My dear, says he,—

aw—you came home very late, last night—'Twas but just turn'd of two, says I—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he: so you are every night, says I—Well, says he, I am amaz'd you can sit up so late—how can you be amaz'd, says I, at a thing that happens so often?—upon which we enter'd into a conversation—and tho' this is a point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady Grace. But pray! in such sort of family dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady Town. O yes! which does not do amiss at all! A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet; ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady Grace. Well,—certainly you have the most elegant taste—

Lady Town. Tho' to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeez'd a little too much lemon into it, this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that—I think—I almost told him, he was a fool—and he again—talk'd something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady Grace. O! have a care of that!

Lady Town. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife father for that—

Lady Grace. How so?

Lady Town. Why—when my good lord first open'd his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Lady Town. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of an husband's odd humours.

Lady Grace. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her!

Lady Town. Nay, but to be serious, my dear; what would you really have a woman do in my case?

Lady Grace. Why—if I had a sober husband as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world by being as sober as he.

Lady Town. O! you wicked thing! how can you teize one at this rate? when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me! and I at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates! I dote upon assemblies! my heart bounds at a bill;

and at an opera—I expire! then I love play to distraction! cards enchant me! and dice—put me out of my little wits! dear! dear hazard! oh! what a flow of spirits it gives one! do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady Grace. Oh! never! I don't think it sits well upon women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it! you see how it makes the men swear and curse! and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

Lady Town. That's very true! one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady Grace. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forc'd to make use of?

Lady Town. Why upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising, just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

Lady Grace. Well—and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady Town. O yes: I have forsworn it.

Lady Grace. Seriously?

Lady Town. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady Grace. And how can you answer that?

Lady Town. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady Grace. Why, I confess, my nature, and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady Town. Well! how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady Grace. I can't tell but I may.

Lady Town. And won't you live in town?

Lady Grace. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady Town. My stars! and you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady Grace. Why not?

Lady Town. Why can't you as well go, and be sober in the country?

Lady Grace. So I would——t'other half year.

Lady Town. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady Grace. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady Town. O! of all things let us hear it.

Lady Grace. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game of cards, soberly! managing my family, looking

ng into its accounts, playing with my children (if I had any) or in a thousand other innocent amusements——soberly! and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady Town. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life, have not been in any head these thousand years——under a great tree! O my soul!——but I beg we may have the sober town-schemes too——for I am charm'd with the country one!——

Lady Grace. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady Town. Well, tho' I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady Grace. Why then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dress'd out of it——but still it should be soberly. For I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Tho' there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady Town. Ay now for it——

Lady Grace. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady Town. Why the men say, that's a great step to be made me——Well now you are dress'd——pray let's see to what purpose?

Lady Grace. I would visit——that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.——I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay, play at quadrille——soberly: I would see all the good plays; and, (because 'tis the fashion) now and then an opera——but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again: and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I lik'd my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade! And this, I think, is as far as any woman can go——soberly.

Lady Town. Well! if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady Grace. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four and twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady Town. Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, child, all you propose, is but to indure life, now I want to enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Trust. Madam, your ladyship's chair is ready.

Lady Town. Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? for last night I was poison'd.

Trust. Yes, madam: there were some come in this morning. [Exit Trusty.]

Lady Town. My dear, you will excuse me; but you know my time is so precious——

Lady Grace. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

Lady Town. You will call on me at lady Revel's?

Lady

Lady Grace. Certainly.

Lady Town. But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear!

Lady Grace. When it does, I will—soberly break from you.

Lady Town. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness. [Exit Lady Town.

Lady Grace. There she goes—Dash! into her stream of pleasures! poor woman! she is really a fine creature! and sometimes infinitely agreeable! nay, take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with: but she is so borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!—Ha! my brother, and Manly with him! I guess what they have been talking of—I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive. [Exit Lady Grace.

Enter Lord Townly and Manly.

Lord Town. I did not think my lady Wronghead had such a notable brain: tho' I can't say she was so very wise, in trusting this silly girl you call Myrtilia, with the secret.

Man. No, my lord, you mistake me, had the girl been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord Town. Why I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my lady Wronghead sent it inclos'd to my sister?

Man. If you please to give me leave, my lord—the fact is thus—this inclos'd letter to lady Grace was a real original one, written by this girl, to the count we have been talking of: the count drops it, and my lady Wronghead finds it: then only changing the cover, she seals it up as a letter of business, just written by herself, to me; and pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction, for her.

Lord Town. Oh! then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my lord; for when I first question'd her about the direction, she own'd it immediately: but when I shew'd her that her letter to the count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amaz'd, and thought herself betray'd both by the count and my lady—in short, upon this discovery the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions, in my lady Wronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

Lord Town. You are very generous, to be solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully revenged of her; for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world—against her will.

Lord Town. What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of! to make even thy malice a virtue!

Man. Yet, my lord, I assure you, there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

Lord Town. Dear Charles! my heart's impatient, 'till thou

art nearer to me : and as a proof that I have long wish'd thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit : and since on this occasion you have open'd your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure, I assure you, we have both succeeded—the is as firmly yours—

Man. Impossible ! you flatter me !

Lord Town. I'm glad you think it flattery : but she herself shall prove it none : she dines with us alone : when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—O ! Charles ! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided !

Man. No more of that, I beg, my lord—

Lord Town. But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety (however barren of content the state has been to me) to see so near a friend and sister happy in it : your harmony of life will be an instance how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move,
You'll reach by virtue what I lost by love. [Exit,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtille.

Moth. **S**O, niece ! where is it possible you can have been these six hours ?

Myr. O ! madam ! I have such a terrible story to tell you !

Moth. A story ! ods my life ! what have you done with the count's note of five hundred pound, I sent you about ? is it safe ? is it good ? is it security ?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe : but for its goodness—mercy on us ! have been in a fair way to be hang'd about it !

Moth. The dickens ! has the rogue of a count play'd us another trick then ?

Myr. You shall hear, madam ; when I came to Mr. Cash, the banker's, and shewed him his note for five hundred pounds, payable to the count, or order, in two months—he look'd earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the inner room, while he examin'd his books—after I had staid about ten minutes, he came in to me—claps to the door, and charges me with a constable for forgery.

Moth. Ah poor soul ! and how didst thou get off ?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this condition, I begg'd him to have a little patience, 'till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a gentleman of worth and honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever fraud might be in the note, that I was myself an innocent abus'd woman—and as good luck would have it, in less than half an hour Mr. Manly came—so, without mincing the matter, I fairly told him

him upon what design the count had lodg'd that note in your hands, and in short, laid open the whole scheme he had drawn us into, to make our fortune.

Moth. The devil you did!

Myr. Why, how do you think it was possible, I could any otherwise make Mr. Manly my friend, to help me out of the scrape I was in? to conclude, he soon made Mr. Cash easy, and sent away the constable: nay farther, he promis'd me, if I would trust the note in his hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample revenge upon the count; so that all you have to consider now, madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the count's hands, or Mr. Manly's.

Moth. Nay, nay, child; there is no choice in the matter! Mr. Manly may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power can make him so.

Myr. Well, madam, and now pray, how stand matters at home here? what has the count done with the ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high favour with Miss, as he is with my lady.

Myr. Pray, where are the ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own coach, and the well-bred count along with them: they have been scouring all the shops in town over, buying fine things and new clothes from morning to night: they have made one voyage already, and have brought home such a cargo of bawbles and trumpery—mercy on the poor man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young squire go with them?

Moth. No, no; Miss said, truly he would but disgrace their party: so they even left him asleep by the kitchen fire.

Myr. Has not he asked after me all this while? for I had a sort of an assignation with him.

Moth. O yes! he has been in a bitter taking about it. At last his disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fairly fell a crying: so to quiet him, I sent one of the maids and John Moody abroad with him, to shew him—the lions, and the monument. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my wife and daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. O dear Sir, they have been mighty busy all the day long; they just come home to snap up a short dinner, and so went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay supper for 'em, I can tell 'em that: for ods-heart! I have had nothing in me, but a toast and tankard, since morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late parliament hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us country gentlemen; to lose one meal out of three, is a hard tax upon a good stomach.

Moth.

Moth. It is so, indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But, howsoever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the good of our country—

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh! there's a great deal to be said for't—the good of one's country is above all things—a true hearted Englishman thinks nothing too much for it—I have heard of some honest gentlemen so very zealous, that for the good of their country—they would sometimes go to dinner at midnight.

Moth. O! the goodness of 'em! sure their country must have a vast esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. Motherly; they are so respected when they come home to their boroughs, after a session, and so belov'd—that their country will come and dine with them every day in the week.

Moth. Dear me! what a fine thing 'tis to be so populous!

Sir Fran. It is a great comfort, indeed! and I can assure you you are a good sensible woman, Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. O dear Sir, your honour's pleas'd to compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value people of consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something, 'till the ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a moment, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir Francis, your servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin Manly.

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as bees; I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, Sir—I was advis'd to lose no time: so I e'en went straight forward, to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, no body—I remember'd I had heard a wise man say—My son, be bold—so troth! I introduc'd myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus—Look ye—Please your lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead of Bumper-Hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown—Sir, your humble servant, says my lord; tho' I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman; and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Francis, have you any service to command me? Naw, cousin! those last words, you may be sure, gave me

no small encouragement. And thoſe I know, Sir, you have ſome extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet I believe, you won't ſay I miſt it now too.

Man. Well, I hope I ſhall have no ſcable.

Sir Fran. So when I found him ſo courteous—My lord, ſays I, I did not think to ha' troubled your lordſhip with buſineſs upon my firſt viſit: but ſince your lordſhip is pleaſed not to ſtand upon ceremony—why truly, ſays I, I think now is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you poſſid' hien home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him ſee that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd coons.

Man. Very good!

Sir Fran. So, in ſhort, my lord, ſays I, I have a good eſtate—but—a—it's a little awt at elbows: and as I deſire to ſerve my king, as well as my country, I ſhall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

Man. So, this was making ſhort work on't.

Sir Fran. Pood! I ſhot him flying, couſin! Some of your half-witted ones ſaw, would ha' hump'd and haw'd, and dang'd a month or two after him, before they durſt open their mouths about a place, and may-hap, not ha' got it at laſt neither.

Man. Oh! I'm glad you're ſo ſure on't—

Sir Fran. You ſhall hear, couſin——Sir Francis, ſays my lord, pray what ſort of a place may you ha' turn'd your thoughts upon? My lord, ſays I, beggars muſt not be choſers; but my place, ſays I, about a thouſand a year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till ſomething better falls in—for I thought it would not look well to ſtand haggling with him at firſt.

Man. No, no, your buſineſs was to get footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay, couſin, I ſee you know the world!

Man. Yes, yes, one ſees more of it every day—well! but what ſaid my lord to all this?

Sir Fran. Sir Francis, ſays he, I ſhall be glad to ſerve you any way that lies in my power; ſo he gave me a ſqueeze by the hand, as much as to ſay, give yourſelf no trouble—your buſineſs; with that he turn'd him about to ſomebody with a colour'd ribbon a-croſs here, that look'd, in my thought, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! ſo, upon theſe hopes, you are to make your fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's any doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the leaſt doubt about it—for juſt as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a place, couſin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, couſin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune: for I ſuppoſe my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day—You have been ſince down at the houſe, I preſume!

Sir Fran. O yes! I would not neglect the house, for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, truth? I can't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did, and I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there, into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but in short, the arguments were so long-winded of both sides, that, wondrous! I did not well understand 'em; however, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my conscience—so when they came to put the question, as they call it,—I don't know how 'twas—but I don't but I cry'd ay! when I should ha' cry'd no!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by a mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humour'd sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Toxerfield I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand! Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so, with that, he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd into the lobby—so, I know now—~~but~~ but oh!—I was got o'the wrong side the post—for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clench'd it now!—an! thou head of the Wrong-heads. [Aside.]

Sir Fran. Oho! here's my lady come home at last—I hope, cousin, you will be so kind, as to take a family supper with us?

Man. Another time, Sir Francis; but to-night, I am engag'd!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Basset.

Lady Wrong. Cousin! your servant; I hope you will pardon my rudeness: but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

Man. O madam! I am a man of no ceremony; you see that has not hinder'd my coming again.

Lady Wrong. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, madam.

Count Bas. I must say that for Mr. Manly, madam; if making people easy is the rule of good-breeding, he is certainly the best-bred man in the world.

Man. So! I am not so deep my acquaintance, I find—
[Aside.] I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

with fifty more to it, that I was forc'd to borrow of the count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither
— There's th' account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have founded your aunt, you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article: she mightily desires to see you, Sir.

Man. I am going home, directly: bring her to my house in half an hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods-life! Madam, here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans, and clock-sockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis—Nay, you see I am so good a housewife, that in necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o' one thing's here, that I can see you have any occasion for!

Lady Wrong. My dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion! why, the greatest distinction of a fine lady in this town is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So! the family comes on finely.

[*Aside.*]

Lady Wrong. Lard, if men were always to govern, what dowdies would they reduce their wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the Lord Mayor of London could not hold it at this rate!

Man. O! do you feel it, Sir?

[*Aside.*]

Lady Wrong. My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose yourself.

Sir Fran. Compose the devil, madam! why, do you consider what a hundred pound a day comes to in a year?

Lady Wrong. My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time—But I'll tell you what I consider—I consider that my advice has got you a thousand pound a year this morning—That now methinks you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a year? waunds, madam, but I have not touch'd a penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Squire Richard

Seq.

Squ. Rich. Feyther, an' you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coal'd: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself!

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my dear? we shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, madam——

Lady Wrong. Since you have business, Sir——[*Exit Manly.*
Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning, you had some very fine lace to shew me——can't I see it now?

[*Sir Francis stares.*

Moth. Why really, madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the countess of Nicely have the first sight of it for the birth-day: but your ladyship——

Lady Wrong. O! I die if I don't see it before her.

Squ. Rich. Woan't you goa, feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds!—Lad, I shall ha' noa stomach } *Apart.*
at this rate!

Moth. Well, madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest pattern that ever came over——and for fineness——no cobweb comes up to it!

Sir Fran. Ods guts and gizard, madam! lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, Sir Francis does not like it, madam——

Lady Wrong. He like it! dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! think of your thousand a year, and who got it you; go, eat your dinner, and be thankful, go.
[*Driving him to the door.*] Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[*Exit Lady Wronghead with Mrs. Motherly.*

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famish'd for the good of my country; while madam is laying me out an hundred pound a day in lace, as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Ods-flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

Squ. Rich. Nay, nay——come, feyther. [*Exit Sir Francis.*
Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my lady desires you and the count will please to come and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

Count Bas. We'll wait upon her——[*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*

Jenny. So! I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count Basf. No matter, my dear: you know she has ask'd me to stay supper: so, when your papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty sneaker of punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well! that will be pure!

Count Basf. But you had best go to her alone, my life: it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: and to-morrow you know at the masquerade. And then!—hey! *Oh, I'll have a husband, ay, marry,*
Ec. [Exit singing.

Myr. So, Sir! am not I very commode to you?

Count Basf. Well, child! and don't you find your account in it?—did not I tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Well, but how stands your affair with miss, in the main?

Count Basf. O she's mad for the masquerade! it drives like a nail; we want nothing now but a parson, to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

Myr. Yes, yes, my lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin, you know; he'll do your business and mine, at the same time.

Count Basf. O! it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why, you know my lady Townly's house is always open to the masques upon a ball-night, before they go to the Hay-market.

Count Basf. Good.

Myr. Now the doctor proposes we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there—crack—he'll give us all canonical commission to go to-bed together.

Count Basf. Admirable! Well, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

Myr. And may the black gentleman tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

Count Basf. One kiss for old acquaintance sake—I gad I shall want to be busy again!

Myr. O—you'll have one shortly will find you employment: but I must run to my squire.

Count Basf. And I to the ladies—so your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead.

Myr. Yours, as in duty bound, most noble count Bassett.

[Exit Myr.

Count Basf. [Why say I, count! that title has been of some use to me indeed! not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it: I have loll'd in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille.

quadrille, with the first women of quality—but—*Tempora mutantur*—since that damn'd squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife: if my card comes up right (which I think cannot fail) I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them; for since our modern men of fortune are grown wise enough to be sharpers, I think sharpers are fools that don't take up the airs of men of quality. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Manly meeting Sir Francis.

SIR Francis, your servant; how came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful face, man?

Sir Fran. I have no friend alive but you——

Man. I am sorry for that—but what's the matter?

Sir Fran. I have play'd the fool by this journey, I see now—for my bitter wife——

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the devil!

Man. Why, truly, that's a part that most of your fine ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir Fran. If I am a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning!

Man. Hah! I see a good housewife will do a great deal of work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work do they call it! Fine work indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? what, she has laid it out, may be—but I suppose you have an account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the account indeed; but I must needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsome about her, to let the world see that I was somebody! and I thought that sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the country, might have serv'd her a twelve-month.

Sir Fran. Why, so it might—but here in this fine tawn, forthwith! it could not get through four and twenty hours—for in half that time, it was all squander'd away in bawbles, and new-fashion'd trumpery.

Man.

Man. O! for ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa! there's the plague on't! the devil o' one useful thing do I see for it, but two pair of lac'd shoes, and those stond me in three pound three shillings a pair too.

Man. Dear Sir! this is nothing! Why, we have city wives here, that while their good man is selling three pennyworth of sugar, will give you twenty pound for a short apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! What a mortal poor devil is a husband!

Man. Well, but I hope you have nothing else to complain of?

Sir Fran. Ah! would I could say so too—but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my heart, than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir Fran. Troth I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why, she has been at an assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supt at home last night?

Sir Fran. Why, so we did—and all as merry as grigs—I'cod! my heart was so open, that I toss'd another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with——But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my lady Townly here, (——who between you and I——mum! has had the devil to pay yonder——) with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my lady Noble's assembly forsooth——a few words, you may be sure, made the bargain——so, bawnee! and away they drive as if the devil had got into the coach-box——so about four or five in the morning——home comes madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head——and my poor hundred pound left behind her at the hazard-table.

Man. All lost at dice!

Sir Fran. Every shilling——among a parcel of pig-tail puppies, and pale-fac'd women of quality.

Man. But pray, Sir Francis, how came you, after you found her so ill an housewife of one sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why, truly, I mun say that was partly my own fault: for if I had not been a blab of my tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been sav'd.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an owl as I was, out of good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand pound a year I had just got the promise of——I'cod! she lays her claws upon it that moment——said it was owing to her advice, and truly she would have her share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why, ay! that's what I told her——My dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year.

Man. Sir Francis, I have heard you with a great deal of patience, and I really feel compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, cousin, for I don't see that my wife's goodness is a bit the better, for bringing to London.

Man. If you remember I gave you a hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why, ay, it's true you did so: but the devil himself could not have believ'd she would have rid post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop, as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah! this London is a base place, indeed—waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a jail?

Man. Why, truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah! would you could tell me that, cousin.

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the same road that brought you hither will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Odsflesh! Cousin, what! and leave a thousand pound a year behind me?

Man. Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family, and you are a sinner by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure shall I make in the country, if I come down without it!

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great opinion of it then, cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you.

Sir Fran. Good-lack! how may yow mean, cousin?

Man. In one word, your whole affairs stand thus—In a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster; in a fortnight my lady will run you into jail, by keeping the best company—In four and twenty hours, your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she han't been us'd to better company: and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

Sir Fran. I' th' name o' goodness, why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me—Well, Sir, I will be govern'd by yow; but what am I to do in this case?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper instructions: but about eight this evening, I'll call at your lodgings; and there you shall have full conviction, how much I have it at heart to serve you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir

Sir Fran. Well then, I'll go straight home, now.

Man. At eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah! dear cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible journey have I made on't!

[Exeunt severally.]

The SCENE opens to a Dressing Room. Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so out of order?

Lady Town. How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of sleep?

Trusty. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely compos'd.

Lady Town. Compos'd! why I have lain in an inn here! this house is worse than an inn with ten stage-coaches! What between my lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Trusty. Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality——Though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

Lady Town. Oh! you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill! for notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over-fond of my lord——yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah, if his lordship could but be brought to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

Lady Town. Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, madam!

Lady Town. Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd!——stripp'd, even to a confiscation of my last guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me so, madam!

Lady Town. And where to raise ten pound in the world——What is to be done, Trusty?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam: but may be your ladyship may have a run of better fortune, upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

Lady Town. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune!

Trusty. Ha!—that's a bad business, indeed, madam——Adad! I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late——

Lady Town. Out with it quickly, then, I beseech thee!

Trusty. Has not the steward something of fifty pound, madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

Lady Town. O! ay! I had forgot——'twas to—a——what's his filthy name?

Trusty. Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring your

your old mercer, that your ladyship turn'd off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady Town. The very wretch! if he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately ——— [*Exit Trusty.*] Well! sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five! five, and nine, against poor seven for ever! ——— No! after that horrid bar of my chance, that lady Wronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible, ever, to win another stake ——— sit up all night! lose all one's money! dream of winning thousands! wake without a shilling! and then ——— how like a hag I look! In short ——— the pleasures of life, are not worth this disorder! if it were not for shame now, I could almost think lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous ——— if my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds, but I should hate the town in a fortnight ——— but I will not be driven out of it, that's positive!

[*Trusty returns.*]

Trusty. O madam! there's no bearing of it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

Lady Town. Run to the stair-case head, again ——— and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant.

[*Trusty runs out, and speaks.*]

Trusty. Mr. Poundage ——— a hem! Mr. Poundage, word with you quickly.

Pound. [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, man, you must come his minute.

Pound. I am but just paying a little money, here.

Trusty. Cods my life! paying money? is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment, quick!

without.

[*Trusty returns.*]

Lady Town. Will the monster come or no? ———

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, madam, he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

Lady Town. Don't let him come in ——— for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts, ——— my brain is not able to bear him.

[*Poundage comes to the door with a money-bag in his hand.*]

Trusty. O! it's well you are come, Sir! where's the fifty pound?

Pound. Why, here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time ——— the man's now writing a receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No matter! my lady says, you must not pay him with that money, there is not enough, it seems; there's a pistole, and a guinea, that is not good in it ——— besides there is a mistake in the account too ——— [*Twitching the bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

Lady

Lady Town. What is all that noise there?

Pound. Why and it please your ladyship—

Lady Town. Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do as you were order'd.

Pound. Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam—

[Exit Poundage.]

Trusty. There they are, madam—[Pours the money out of the bag.] The pretty things—were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them—I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake—thank you, madam.

[Takes a guinea.]

Lady Town. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No, but your ladyship look'd as if you were just going to bid me, and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

Lady Town. Well! thou hast deserv'd it, and so for once—but hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder? though I think now we may compound for a little of his ill humour—

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady Town. Pr'ythee do.

[Trusty goes to the door.]

Trusty. Ay! they are at it, madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage—bless me! I believe he'll beat him—mercy on us; how the wretch swears!

Lady Town. And a sober citizen too! that's a shame!

Trusty. Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden—may be the porter has knock'd him down—I'll step and see—

[Exit Trusty.]

Lady Town. Those trades-people are the troublefomest creatures! No words will satisfy them!

[Trusty returns.]

Trusty. O madam! undone! undone! my lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over—if your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

Lady Town. No matter: it will come round presently: I shall have it from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

Trusty. O lud! madam! here's my lord just coming in.

Lady Town. Do you get out of the way then.

[Exit Trusty.]

Trusty. I am afraid I want spirits! but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord Town. How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

Lady Town. You don't expect, my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence?

Lord Town. I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagances, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people!

Lady Town. Yes, but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord Town. Nor am I, madam, longer to be abus'd thus! what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady

Lady Town. Gone. *Exit Lord Town.*

Lord Town. Gone! what way, madam?

Lady Town. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord Town. 'Tis well! I see ruin will make no impression,

'till it falls upon you.

Lady Town. In short, my lord, if money is always the sub-

ject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

Lord Town. Madam! madam, I will be heard, and make

you answer.

Lady Town. Make me! then I must tell you, my lord, this

is a language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

Lord Town. Come! come, madam, you shall hear a great

deal more, before I part with you.

Lady Town. My lord, if you insult me, you will have as

much to bear, on your side, I can assure you.

Lord Town. Pugh! your spirit grows ridiculous;—you have

neither honour, worth, or innocence, to support it!

Lady Town. You'll find, at least, I have resentment! and

do you look well to the provocation!

Lord Town. After those you have given me, madam, 'tis

almost infamous, to talk with you.

Lady Town. I scorn your imputation, and your menaces!

the narrowness of your heart's your monitor! 'tis there! there,

my lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than

many husbands of an equal rank to you!

Lord Town. Death, madam! do you presume upon your cor-

poral merit! that your person's less tainted, than your mind?

is it there! there alone an honest husband can be injured? have

you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the

heart of woman? is not your health, your beauty, husband,

fortune, family, disclaim'd for nights consum'd in riot and extra-

vagance? the wanton does no more; if she conceals her shame,

does less; and sure the dissolute avow'd, as sorely wrongs my

honour, and my quiet.

Lady Town. I see, my lord, what sort of wife might please

you.

Lord Town. Ungrateful woman! could you have seen your-

self, you in yourself had seen her.—I am amaz'd our legislature

has left no precedent of a divorce for this more visible injury, this

adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person! when a wo-

man's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in;

what is't to me; whether a black ace, or a powder'd coxcomb has

possession of it.

Lady Town. If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is

not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord Town. That, madam, I have long despair'd of; and

since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that with our hearts,

our persons too should separate.—This house you sleep no

more in! tho' your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour

of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

Lady Town. Your stile, my lord, is much of the same efficacy with your sentiments of honour.

Lord Town. Madam, madam! this is no time for compliments—I have done with you.

Lady Town. If we had never met, my lord, I had not broken my heart for it; but have a care! I may not, perhaps, be easily recall'd as you may imagine.

Lord Town. Recall'd!—Who's there! [*Enter a Servant*] Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

Lady Town. My lord, you may proceed as you please, I pray what indiscretions have I committed, that are not practis'd by a hundred other women of quality?

Lord Town. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible: and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

Lady Town. I don't know what figure you may make, my lord, but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

Lord Town. Be sparing of your spirit, madam, you'll need to support you.

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies, than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

Lord Town. Sister, I have the same excuse to intreat of you too.

Lady Grace. To your requests, I beg, my lord.

Lord Town. Thus then—as you both were present at my ill consider'd marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness to my determin'd separation—I know, Sir, your good-nature and my sister's must be shock'd at the office I impose on you; but, as I don't ask your justification of my cause; so I hope you are conscious—that an ill woman can't reproach you, you are silent, upon her side.

Man. My lord, I never thought, 'till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady Grace. [*Aside.*] Heavens! how I tremble!

Lord Town. For you, my lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well inform'd of them—for the good lord, your dear father's sake, I will still support you, as his daughter—as the lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and (to our mutual shame I speak it) more than happy wives desire—but those indulgences must end! state, equi-

page and splendor, but ill become the vices that misuse them—the decent necessities of life shall be supply'd—but not one article to luxury—not even the coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again! Your tender aunt, my lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where if time, and your condition, brings you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increas'd—but, if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less! nor will I call that soul-my friend that names you in my hearing!

Lady Grace. My heart bleeds for her! [*Aside.*]

Lord Town. O Manly! look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love! there was a time when I believ'd that form incapable of vice or of decay! there I propos'd the partner of an easy home! there! I, for ever, hop'd to find, a chearful companion, an agreeable intimate, a faithful friend, a useful help-mate, and a tender mother—but oh! how bitter now the disappointment!

Man. The world is different in its sense of happiness: offend'd as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord Town. Fear me not.

Man. This last reproach, I see, has struck her. [*Aside.*]

Lord Town. No, let me not (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes—I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal: and as I am conscious, severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion rais'd against the honour of my bed: therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

Lady Town. O sister! [*Turns to lady Grace weeping.*]

Lord Town. When I am spoken of, where, without favour, this action may be canvass'd, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure. [*Going.*]

Lady Town. Support me! save me! hide me from the world!

[*Falls on lady Grace's neck.*]

Lord Town. [*Returning.*]—I had forgot me—you have no share in my resentment; therefore, as you have liv'd in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injur'd husband. [*Offers to go out.*]

Man. [*Interposing.*] My lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! one moment's stay can do your cause no wrong! If looks can speak the anguish of the heart, I'll answer with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that, would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord Town. Consider! since we no more can meet; press not my staying to insult her.

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Lady Town. Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say, will
 deserve an insult; and undeserv'd, I know your nature gives

it not. But as you've call'd in friends, to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

Lord Town. I shan't refuse you that, madam—be it so.

Lady Town. My lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another; so when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my coldness.

Lady Grace. This promises a reverse of temper. [Apart.]

Man. This, my lord, you are concern'd to hear!

Lord Town. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady Town. Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talk'd me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirm'd: wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves, I triumph'd over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a father's firm commands enjoin'd me to make choice of one, I even there declin'd the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth—his tender care, my lord, directed him to you—Our hands were join'd! but still my heart was wedded to its folly! My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures! The husband's right to rule, I thought a vulgar law, which only the deform'd or meanly-spirited obey'd! I knew no directors, but my passions; no master, but my will! Even you, my lord, some time o'ercome by love, was pleas'd with my delights; nor, then, foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence—And, though I call myself ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a truth, it cannot be deny'd—That kind indulgence has undone me! it added strength to my habitual failings, and in a heart thus warm, in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

Lord Town. O Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable—how vast a treasure? } Apart.

Lady Town. What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession! my errors (give 'em, if you please, a harder name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate, no plea can alter! What then remains in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, 'till I have liv'd an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon—The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent; but to have deserv'd this separation, will strow perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

Lady Grace. O happy, heavenly hearing!

Lady Town. Sister, farewell! [Kissing her.] Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me; but when you think I have aton'd my follies past—persuade your injur'd brother to forgive them.

Lord Town. No, madam! Your errors thus renounc'd, this instant

instant are forgotten! so deep, so due a sense of them, has made you, what my utmost wishes form'd, and all my heart has sigh'd for.

Lady Town. [Turning to Lady Grace.] How odious does this goodness make me!

Lady Grace. How amiable your thinking is!

Lord Town. Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting: but from a shipwreck, saved, we mingle tears with our embraces!

[Embracing Lady Townly.]

Lady Town. What words! what love! what duty can repay such obligations?

Lord Town. Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless.

Lady Town. Oh!—till this moment, never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you!

Lord Town. By heav'n! this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable! O Manly! Sister! as you have often shar'd in my disquiet, partake of my felicity! my new-born joy! see here the bride of my desires! This may be called my wedding-day!

Lady Grace. Sister! (for now methinks that name is dearer to my heart than ever) let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow—

Lord Town. To make our happiness complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

Lady Town. Sister! a day like this—

Lady Grace. Admits of no excuse against the general joy.

[Gives her hand to Manly.]

Man. A joy like mine—despairs of words to speak it.

Lord Town. O Manly! how the name of friend endears the brother!

[Embracing him.]

Man. Your words, my lord, will warm me, to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the apartments are full of masqueraders—And some people of quality there desire to see your lordship, and my lady.

Lady Town. I thought, my lord, your orders had forbid their revelling!

Lord Town. No, my dear, Manly has desir'd their admittance to-night, it seems, upon a particular occasion—Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady Town. I shall be but ill company to them.

Lord Town. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. Lady Grace will assist you to entertain them.

Lady Town. With her, my lord, I shall be always easy—

(8) *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; Or,*

Sister, to your unerring virtue, I now commit the guidance of my future days——

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead,
For in the marriage-state the world must own
Divided happiness was never known
To make it mutually, nature points the way;
Let husbands govern, gentle wives obey. *[Exit]*

Manly re-enters with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, cousin, you have made my very hair stand on end! waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all: In the mean time, place yourself behind this screen, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

Sir Fran. Sir! I'll warrant you——Ah! my lady, my lady Wronghead! What a bitter business have you drawn me into!

Man. Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already.

Sir Francis retires behind the Screen. *[Exit Manly.]*

Enter Myrtila with Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. What! is this the doctor's chamber?

Myr. Yes, ye, I speak softly.

Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the count and your sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

Squ. Rich. Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see! here they come.

Enter Count Basset, and Miss Jenny.

Count Basi. So, so, here's your brother, and his bride, before us, my dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of mamma! but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

Count Basi. O the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

Jenny. Ah! you say so——but let's see now——O lud! I vow it thumps purely——well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the parson?

Count Basi. Mrs. Myrtila, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us?

Myr.

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a countess?

Count Bas. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. O lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assembly: or you and I in our coach and six, at Hyde-Park together!

Count Bas. Ay, or when she hears the box-keepers, at an opera, call out—The Countess of Ballet's servants!

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! and then, may-hap, to have a fine gentleman with a star and what-d'ye-call-um ribbon, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! hold up, says the chairman, and so, says I, my lord, your humble servant, I suppose madam, says he, we shall see you at my lady Quadrille's! ay, ay, to be sure my lord, says I ———— to in twops me, with my hoop stuff'd up to my forehead! and away they trot, swing! swang! with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and ———— oh! it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

Count Bas. Well! I see that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a duchess of 'em all will become an equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life: thof, in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the parson stay so?

Count Bas. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtille, with a Constable.

Const. Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here?

Myr. That's the gentleman.

Count Bas. Hey-day! what in masquerade, doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: but if you are called Count Ballet, I have a Billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count Bas. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my lord chief justice's warrant against you for forgery, Sir.

Count Bas. Blood and thunder!

Const. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace immediately.

Jenny. O dear me! what's the matter?

Count Bas. O! nothing, only a masquerading frolic, my dear.

Squ. Rich. Oh ho! is that all?

Sir Fran. No, sirrah! that is not all.

[Sir Francis coming softly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his cane.

Enter

*Enter Manly.**Squ. Rich.* O lawd! O lawd! he has beaten my brains out!*Man.* Hold, hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray Sir.*Sir Fran.* Waunds, cousin, I han't patience.*Count Bas.* Manly! nay, then, I'm blown to the devil. *[Aside.]**Squ. Rich.* O my head! my head!*Enter Lady Wronghead.**Lady Wrong.* What's the matter here, gentlemen? for heaven's sake! What are you murd'ring my children?*Const.* No, no, madam! no murder! only a little fuspicion of felony, that's all.*Sir Fran.* *[To Jenny.]* And for you, Mrs. Hot-upon't, I could find in my heart to make you wear that habit, as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, huffy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket.*Count Bas.* So, so, all's out I find. *[Aside.]**Jenny.* O the mercy! why, pray, papa, is not the count a man of quality then?*Sir Fran.* O yes! one of the unhang'd ones, it seems.*Lady Wrong.* *[Aside.]* Married! O the confident thing! There was his urgent business then—sighted for her! I han't patience!—and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman.*Man.* Mr. Constable, secure there.*Sir Fran.* Ah, my lady! my lady! this comes of your journey to London! but now I'll have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night; for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.*Lady Wrong.* Indeed you are mistaken, Sir Francis—I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.*Sir Fran.* Not stir! waunds! madam—*Man.* Hold, Sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my lady to think better on't.*Sir Fran.* Ah! Cousin, you are a friend indeed!*Man.* *[Apart to my Lady]* Look you, madam, as to the favour you design'd me, in sending this spurious letter inclosed to my lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have sav'd your son and daughter from ruin—Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your ladyship from ruin.*Lady Wrong.* What do you mean, Sir?*Man.* Why, Sir Francis—shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure.*Lady Wrong.* Ha! my billet-doux to the count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion!*Man.*

Man. What shall I say to Sir Francis, madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear Sir, I am in such a trembling! preserve my honour and I am all obedience! *[Apart to Manly.]*

Man. Sir Francis——my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah cousin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir Francis! take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful!——and now, Sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

Count Bas. Mr. Manly! Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, Sir?

Count Bas. Sir——I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate——but it has hurt nobody yet, Sir! I beg you will not stigmatize me! since you have spoil'd my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young-fellow, as to put it out of my power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir!

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waste with you: but if you expect mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count Bas. Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruin'd this young woman?

Count Bas. I, Sir!

Man. I know you have——therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charg'd with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and one only chance to get off with. Marry her this instant——and you take off her evidence.

Count Bas. Dear Sir!

Man. No words, Sir; a wife or a mittimus.

Count Bas. Lord, Sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy!

Man. A private penance, or a public one——constable.

Count Bas. Hold, Sir, since you are pleas'd to give me my choice; I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady, as not to give her the preference.

Man. It must be done this minute, Sir: the chaplain you expected is still within call.

Count Bas. Well, Sir,——since it must be so——come, spouse——I am not the first of the fraternity, that has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: marriage is, at worst, but playing upon the square.

Count Bas. Ay, but the worst of the match, too, is the devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practices, instead of the forged bill, you would have put upon her, there's

a real one of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honey-moon with. [*Gives it to Myrtilla.*]

Count *Baf.* Sir, this is so generous an act——

Man. No compliments, dear Sir——I am not at leisure now to receive them: Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him?

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count *Baf.* Well! five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however. [*Exeunt Count, Myrtilla, and Constable.*]

Sir *Fran.* And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever——come, my lady, let's e'en take our children along with us, and be all witnesses of the ceremony.

[*Exeunt Sir Francis, Lady Wronghead, Miss and Squire.*]

Man. Now, my lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

Lord *Town.* So, Sir, I give you joy of your negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lady *Grace.* From first to last, Sir.

Lord *Town.* Never were knaves and fools better dispos'd of.

Man. A sort of poetical justice, my lord, not much above the judgment of a modern comedy.

Lord *Town.* To heighten that resemblance, I think, sister, there only wants your rewarding the hero of the fable, by naming the day of his happiness.

Lady *Grace.* This day, to-morrow, every hour, I hope, of life to come, will shew I want not inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, madam, you will always find endeavours to deserve you.

Lord *Town.* Then all are happy.

Lady *Town.* Sister, I give you joy! consummate as the happiest pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a glass, I see

The happiness, that once advanc'd to me.

So visible the bliss, so plain the way.

How was it possible my sense could stray?

But now, a convert, to this truth, I come,

That married happiness is never found from home.

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER in the Fourth ACT.

O H, I'll have a husband! ay, marry;
 For why should I longer tarry,
 For why should I longer tarry,
 Than other brisk girls have done;
 For if I stay, 'till I grow gray,
 They'll call me old maid, and fusty old jade;
 So I'll no longer tarry;
 But I'll have a husband, ay, marry,
 If money can buy me one.

My mother she says I'm too coming;
 And still in my ears she is drumming,
 And still in my ears she is drumming,
 That I such vain thoughts shou'd shun;
 My sisters they cry, oh fy! and oh fy!
 But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
 So let me have husbands in plenty:
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
 Than die an old maid undone.

Sung

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in the Fifth ACT.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass,
I read it plainly in my glass,

That for a duchess I might pass;

Oh, could I see the day!

Would fortune but attend my call,

At park, at play, at ring and ball,

I'd brave the proudest of them all,

With a *stand by*—*clear the way*.

II.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,

With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,

At rivals I'd turn up my nose;

Oh, could I see the day!

I'd dart such glances from these eyes,

Should make some lord or duke my prize;

And then, oh! how I'd tyrannize,

With a *stand by*—*clear the way*.

III.

Oh! then for ev'ry new delight,

For equipage and diamonds bright,

Quadrille, and plays, and balls at night;

Oh, could I see the day!

Of love and joy I'd take my fill,

The tedious hours of life to kill,

In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,

With a *stand by*—*clear the way*.

F I N I S.





The FIRST PART of
HENRY IV.
WITH THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF

HENRY *Sirnamed* HOT-SPUR.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N, and the rest of the
P R O P R I E T O R S; and sold by the Booksellers
of *London* and *Westminster*.

M D C C X X X I V .



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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W. CHETWOOD, Prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth,
Henry, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
John, Prince of Lancaster, }

Worcester, }
Northumberland, } Enemies to the King.
Hot-spur, }
Mortimer, }
Archbishop of York, }
Dowglas, }
Owen Glendower, }
Sir Richard Vernon, }
Sir Mitchell, }
Westmorland, } of the King's Party.

Sir Walter Blunt, }
Sir John Falstaff, }

Poins, }
Gads-hill, } Companions of Falstaff.
Peto, }
Bardolph, }

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to
Mortimer.

Hostess,

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers,
Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

The



The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland and others.

King HENRY.



O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil

Shall * dawb her lips with her own children's blood:
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes
Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,

Did

* damp.

A 3

Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now in mutual well beseeming ranks
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
 To chase these Pagans, in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear,
 Of you my gentle cousin *Westmorland*;
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came
 A post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken;
 A thousand of his people butchered,
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be
 Without much shame, † re-told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the holy land.

West. This, matcht with other like, my gracious lord;
 Far more uneven and unwelcome news

Came

† be told.

Came from the North, and thus it did * import.
On holy-wood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*
That ever valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* spent a sad and bloody hour.
As by discharge of their artillery
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. *Henry*. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news,
The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* plains. Of prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldest son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an Honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. *Henry*. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st
me sin,

In envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theam of honour's tongue:
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her Pride:
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchange'd
In cradle clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.

3 *The First Part of*

But let him from my thoughts. What think you cousin,

Of this young *Percy's* Pride? the prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the lords:
But come your self with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. **N**OW *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the Day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata. I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we that
take purses, go by the Moon and seven stars, and not by
Phœbus,

Phœbus, he, that wandring knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art King — as God save thy grace, (Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none.) —

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be *Diana's* foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd as the sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, **lay by*; and spent with crying, *bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the † ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord thou say'st true, lad; and is not mine hostess of the Tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of *Hibla*, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

A 5

P. Henry.

* *laid by.*

† *side.*

P. Henry. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent — But I pr'ythee sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and resolution thus scabb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean thou shall have the hanging of thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnshire* bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies, and art indeed the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young Prince — But *Hal*, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. * Thou didst well, for wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now I am, if a man should

* *thou didst well, for no man regards it.*

should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over by the lord; an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's son in christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

S C E N E III.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villain that ever cry'd, stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur remorse? what says Sir John sack and sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on *Good Friday* last, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg.

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I have vizards for you all, you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to-night in *Rocheſter*,
I have

I have bespoke supper to-morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who? I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; thou cam'st not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'st not cry, stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well said.

P. Henry. Well come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may, for recreation's sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel † thou latter spring. Farewel all-hallown summer.

[Exit *Fal.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob these men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

† *the.*

P. Henry.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay but 'tis like they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and firrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fights longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what † wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eastcheap*; there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord.

[Exit Poins.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world;

That when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,

And

† words.

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents;
 So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
 And pay the debt I never promised;
 By how much better then my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify mens hopes;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation glittering o'er my fault
 Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
 Than that which hath no * foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. **M**Y blood hath been too cold and temperate.

Unapt to stir at these indignities;
 And you have found me; for accordingly
 You tread upon my patience: but be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be my self,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my Condition,
 Which hath been smooth as oyl, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign Liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
 And that same Greatness too, which our own hands
 Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good lord ———

K. Henry: *Worcester* get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
 O Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow,
 You have good leave to leave us. When we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak. [To Northumberland.

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

* Or envy therefore, or misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword;
• Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd :
• Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd
• Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
• He was perfum'd like a milliner,
• And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
• A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
• He gave his nose : ‡ and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
• And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
• He call'd them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,
• To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
• Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
• With many holiday and lady terms
• He question'd me : amongst the rest, demanded
• My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf ;
• I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
• To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
• Out of my grief, and my impatience,
• Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what ;

• He

* ——— nose, and took't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff. ——— And still he smil'd, &c.

‡ Whoever through envy or misprision
Was guilty of this fault, 'twas not my son.

' He should or should not; for he made me mad,
 ' To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 ' And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 ' Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the
 mark!)

' And telling me, the soveraign'st thing on earth
 ' Was Pharmacity, for an inward bruise;
 ' And that it was great pity, so it was,
 ' This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 ' Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 ' Which many a good, tall Fellow had destroy'd
 ' So cowardly: And but for these vile guns,
 ' He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come currant for an accusation,

Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a Person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge shall ransom strait
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight,
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and * indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,

Whose

* indent, for article; bargain.

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn's* sedgey Bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift *Severn's* flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many and all willingly.
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost bely him, *Percy*, thou beliefst
him;

He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durst as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
Art not ashamed? but sirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exit *K. Henry*.]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart.

Although

Although it be with hazard of my head. [a-while,
North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause
 Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
 In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust;
 But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and cankered *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
 mad. [To Worcester.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
 By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
 And then it was, when the unhappy King
 (Whose wrongs in us, God pardon) did set forth
 Upon his *Irish* expedition;
 From whence he intercepted did return
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
 mouth,
 Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
 Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
 Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you that set the crown

Upon

Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And for his sake wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous † subornation? shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
 O pardon me, that I descend so low,
 To shew the line and the predicament
 Wherein you range under this subtle King.
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
 That men of your nobility and power
 Ingag'd them both in an unjust behalf;
 (As both of you, God pardon it, have done,)
 To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this Canker *Bolinbroke*?
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
 By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
 Your banish'd honours, and restore your selves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again.
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud King, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
 Therefore I say ———

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more,
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick * conceiving discontents,
 I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
 On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or sink or swim:
 Send Danger from the east unto the west,
 So Honour cross it from the north to south;
 And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
 To rouse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North.

† subordinations.

* conveying.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By heav'n, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots*
That are your prisoners —

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would save his Soul, he shall not,
I'll keep them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes,
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*!
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin: a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke*:
And that same sword-and-buckler-Prince of *Wales*,
(But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,)
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, my kinsman; I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North.

North. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with
rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke*:

In *Richard's* time — what do ye call the place? —

A plague upon't — it is in *Glo'stershire* —

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept —

His uncle *York* — where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this King of smiles this *Bolingbroke*:

When you and he came back from *Ravensbrug*.

North. At *Barkley* castle.~

Hot. You say true:

Why what a deal of † candied courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! .

Look, when his *infant fortune* came to age —

And gentle *Harry Percy* — and kind *cousin* —

The devil take such cozeners — God forgive me —

Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* prisoners.

Deliver them without their ransom strait,

And make the *Dowglas'* son your only mean

For pow'rs in *Scotland*? which for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assured

Will easily be granted you, my lord,

Your son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well-belov'd,

Th' Archbishop.

Hot. *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard

His brother's death at *Bristol*, the lord *Scroop*.

I speak not this in estimation,

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is

† gaudy.

Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it : on my life it will do well.

North. Before the Game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot choose but be a noble Plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer* ; ha !

Wor. So they shall,

Hor. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head :
For bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we deem our selves unsatisfy'd
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
Than I by Letters shall direct your course ;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hor. Uncle, adieu : O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud out sport.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

An INN.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

I CARRIER.



EIGH ho, an't be not four by the day
I'll be hang'd. *Charles's wain* is over the
new chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythe *Tom*, beat *Cutts's* saddle,
put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung
in the withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as ‡ dank here as a dog,
and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this
house is turn'd upside down, since *Robin Ostler* dy'd.

1 Car. Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats
rose, it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this is the most villainous house in all
London road for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1 Car. Like a Tench? by th'*Mafs* there's ne'er a King
in *Christendom* could be better bit, than I have been
since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and
then we leak in your chimney: and your chamberlle
breeds fleas like a Loach.

1 Car.

‡ dank, i. e. wet and rotten.

1 *Car.* What, ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd. What ostler? a plague on thee; hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? an't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, hast thou no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow carriers. What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? lend me thy lanthorn quoth a! marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exe. Carriers.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving directions doth from labouring. Thou layst the plot how?

Chamb.

Chamb. Good-morrow master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant, that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with † *St. Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipp'st *St. Nicholas* as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff six-penny-strikers, none of those mad *Mustachio-purple-hu'd* malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great * one-eyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink; and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their saint the common-wealth: or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

B

Chamb.

† A cant-word for the devil, old-nick.

* Perhaps, Oneraries, Trustees or Commissioners. Or cunning men that look sharp, and aim well, Metaph.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common name to all men: Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The High-way.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.

Poins. **C** O M E, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff's* horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins.* *Poins*, and be hang'd, *Poins*!

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd rascal, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins*? *Hah*.

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly anytime this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd,

hang'd, it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. *Poins!* *Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph!* *Peto!* I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-score and ten Miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another. [*They whistle*] Whew, a plague upon you all. Give me my horse; you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to list me up again, being down? 'Sblood I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. Henry. Out you rogue, shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on] you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand,

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins, O 'tis our setter, I know his voice:.

Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye: on with your vizards; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.]

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What a coward, *Sir John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here hard by: stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole say I: every man to this business.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand,

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whorson caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves, they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On bacons,
on!

King HENRY IV.

29

on! what ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true-men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; and the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The Thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Now Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

*Lord Percy's House.**Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a letter.*

BUT for mine own part ~~my~~ lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safely. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lye. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not beside, the Dowglas? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him
tell

tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth? And start so often when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks? And given thy treasures and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy! In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed; Cry, Courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets; Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That Beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Lik bubbles in a late disturbed stream: And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath, On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Enter Servant.**Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.*Hot.* Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriff?*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought ev'n now.*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop ear, is it not?*Serv.* It is, my lord.*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.Well, I will back him strait. O *Esperance*!Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the park.*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?*Lady.* What is it carries you away?*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.*Lady.* Out you mad-headed ape! A weasel hath not
Such a deal of spleen as you are toft with.

In faith I'll know your business, that I will.

I fear my brother *Mortimer* doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize, but if you go —

Hot. — So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.*Lady.* Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question, I shall ask.I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*,

If thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler: love! I love thee
not.I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world

To play with † mammals, and to tilt with lips.

We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,

And pass them currant too — gods me! my horse.

What say'st thou, *Kate*! what wouldst thou have with
me?*Lady.* Do you not love me? do you not indeed?

Well, do not then. For since you love me not,

I will not love my self. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no?

† *Mammets*, i. e., girls.*Hot.*

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am on horse-back, I will swear
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go; nor reason where about.
Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Than *Harry Percy's* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecie,
No lady closer. For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room,
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
three or fourscore hogsheds. I have sounded the very
bass string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to
a leash of drawers, and can call them by their Christen
names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it al-
ready upon their * conscience that though I be but Prince
of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesie; telling me
flatly I am no proud *Jack*, like *Jack Falstaff*, but a
Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy: and when I

B 5

am

* confidence.

am King of *England*. I shall command all the good lads in *East cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you * breathe in your wating, they cry hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with a tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet *Ned*, (to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome Sir*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, Sir, anon Sir; Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so.) But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaff* come, I pr'ythee do thou stand in some bye room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar? and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Francis the drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much a to —

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; by'r-lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But Francis, dar'st thou be so valiant,

* *break.*

liant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart ———

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be ———

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you *Francis*, for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? no, *Francis*, but to-morrow *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thursday*; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, christal-button, * knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth tongue, *Spanish* pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will sully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis.

P. Henry. Away you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call, the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter

* not-pated.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door, *Poins.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife, fie upon this quiet life, I want work, O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give my roan horse a drench, says he, and answers, some fourteen an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I prythee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. Rivo, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

Enter Falstaff.

Poins. Welcome *Fack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a cup of sack, boy — Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards. Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[He drinks.]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted * *Titan*, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous Man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward — Go thy ways old *Fack*, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shorten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old. God help the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Woolfack*, what matter you?

Fal. A King's son? if do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why you whorson round Man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward: answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal.

* or rather, Butter that melted. &c.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call thee Coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing; give me them that will face me—— Give me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*]

A plague of all cowards still; say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it? *Fack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards—— let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs. how was it?

* *Gads.* We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew*.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal.

* In the old edition Rossel speaks here, and not Gads-hill.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse; thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me? I made no more ado; but took all their seven points in my target; thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram Suits.

Fal. Seven, by these Hils, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to: these nine in buckram, that I told thee of ———

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken ———

Poins. Down tell his hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Hen. These lies are like the Father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson obscene greasy tallow-catch —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why how cou'd'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand? come tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion: I?

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

Fal. Away you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you rock-fish: O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

P. Henry. Weil, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for

for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what devise? what starting hole, can'st thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye, my Masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: instinct is a great matter, I was a coward on instinct: I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ab, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

SCENE X.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you, he says he comes from your father,

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Henry. Now Sirs, by'r-lady you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolph*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* sword so hackt;

Peto. Why he hackt it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men, I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stollest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken; halter.

S C E N E XI.

Enter *Falstaff*.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet creature of bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal.

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy Year^s,
Hal, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waste, I could
have crept into any Alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of
fighting and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder.
There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby*
from your father; you must go to the court in the morn-
ing. That same mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and he
of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the bastinado, and made
Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true Liegeman
upon the cross of a *Welsh*-hook: what a plague call you
him ———

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same, and his son-in-law *Mor-*
timer, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly *Scot* of
Scots, *Dowglas*, that runs a horseback up a hill perpendi-
cular ———

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with a pistol
kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will
not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise
him for so running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow, but afoot he will not
budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: well he is there too,
and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue-caps more. *Wor-*
cester is stoln away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd
white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap
as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot * *June*,
and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as
they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true, it is like we
shall have good trading that way. But tell me. *Hal*, are
not thou horrible afraid? thou being heir apparent
could

Could the world pick the out three such enemies again as that fiend *Douglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glen-dower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit i'faith, I lack some of thy infection.

Fal. Well thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved ——— Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambyfes*' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech ——— Stand aside nobility ———

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace good tickle-brain —

Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears, Thou art my son; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the nether lip,

lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lyeth the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Son of heav'n prove a † micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of *England* prove a thief, and take Purfes? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keep'st; for *Harry*, now do I not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*; keep with him, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand or me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me. If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry

† a micher, i. e. a truant; to mich, is to lurk out of sight: a hedge-creeper.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth
 ' ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from
 ' grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of
 ' fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Wh
 ' dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, th
 ' boulding-hunch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of drop
 ' sies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff clock bag o
 ' guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding i
 ' his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, th
 ' father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he goo
 ' but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and clear
 ' ly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning
 ' but in craft? wherein crafty but in villainy? wherein
 ' villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but i
 ' nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you
 whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader o
 youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than i
 ' my self, were to say more than I know. That he
 ' old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witness i
 ' but that he is, (saying your reverence,) a whoremaster
 ' that I utterly deny. It sack and sugar be a fault, Go
 ' help the wicked: it to be old and merry, be a sin, the
 ' many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fa
 ' be to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean kine are to be lov'd
 ' No, my good lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish
 ' *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*
 ' true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefor
 ' more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish
 ' not him thy *Harry's* company: banish plump *Jack*, and
 ' banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddel-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct,

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk above. Now my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher.

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I my self at this time have employ'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man.
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two a clock.

[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul's*;
go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting
like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath; search
his pockets.

[*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 s. 2 d.

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchoves and sack after supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one halfpenny-worth of
bread, to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is
else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there
let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning:

we

we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a † march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto*.
Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.
 WALES.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
 And our induction full or prosp'rous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?
 And uncle Worcester——A plague upon it.

[Exeunt.]

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is;
 Sit, cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*:
 For by that name, as oft as *Lancaster*
 Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with
 A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heav'n.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I blame him not: at my nativity
 The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,

C

Of

† i. e. it will kill him to march so far as twelvescore feet.

Of burning creffets ; know that at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though your self had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. I say the earth then was not of my mind ;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heav'ns on
fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions ; and the teeming earth

Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vext,

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb ; which for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down

High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, with this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings : give me leave

To tell you once again, that at my birth

The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields :

These signs have marked me extraordinary,

And all the courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipt in with the sea

That chides the banks of *England, Wales, or Scotland,*

Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,

Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better *Welsh.*

I'll to dinner——

Mort. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz. to shame the devil,

By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*

If thou have pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence.

Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head

Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,

And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent

Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. Th' Arch-deacon hath divided it

Into three limits, very equally:

England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,

And all the fertile land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*; and dear coz. to you

The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)

To-morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I

And my good lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the *Scotish* power,

As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.

My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:

Within that space, you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords :
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up :
And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with so rich a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding th'opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-side win this cape of land,
And then he runs strait and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in *Welsh*.

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you.
For I was train'd up in the *English* court :
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *English* ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same meter-ballad-mongers;

I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick tun'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well deserving friend;

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haste with the * writer) and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [Exit

S C E N E II.

Mort. Fie, cousin *Percy*, how you cross my father?

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,
† With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finless Fish,
A clipt-wing'd Griffin, and a moulting Raven;
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,
As put's me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the last night at least nine hours,
In reck'ning up the several devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd hum, and well,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horse, or as a railing wife:
Worse than a smoaky house. I'd rather live
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill far;

C 3

Than

* He means the writer of the articles.

† This alludes to an old prophecy which is said to have induced O. Glendower to take arms against K. Henry.
See Hall's *Chron.* fol. 20.

Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a Lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As mines of *India*: shall I tell you, cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself, even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

War. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame,
And since your coming here have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Het. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your
speed;

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

S C E N E III.

Enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, she will not part with you,
She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*
Shall

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The Lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pow'r'st down from those two swelling heavens,

I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy kisses; and thou mine,
And that's a feeble disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language; for the tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou me't, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,

All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet strait they shall be here, sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down.

come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The musick plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands *Welsh*, and 'tis no marvel he is so humorous: by'r-lady he's a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie still, ye thief, and hear the *Lady* sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings. [*Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.*]
Come, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife, not you, in good sooth; and as true as I love; and, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day: and givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than *Finsbury*.

Swear me, *Kate*, like a *Lady*, as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath, and leave insooth,
And such protest of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-Breast* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours: and so come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, *Lord Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot *Lord Percy* is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

WINDSOR.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

K. Henry. **L**ORDS, give us leave ; the Prince of
Wales, and I

Must have some private conference : but be near,
For we shall presently have need of you.——

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done ;
That in his secret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a scourge for me :
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I wish I could.
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as I am doubtless I can purge.
My self of many I am charg'd withal,
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which of the ear of greatness needs must hear ;
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers ;
I may for some things true, (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon, on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee : yet let me wonder,

Harry,

At thy affections which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and Princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.

' Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 ' So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 ' So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 ' Opinion; that did help me to the crown,
 ' Had still kept loyal to possession,
 ' And left me in reputable banishment,
 ' A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 ' By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 ' But like a comet I was wondred at!
 ' That men would tell their children, this is he.
 ' Others would say, where? which is *Bolingbroke*?
 ' And then I stole all courtesie from heav'n,
 ' And dress'd my self in such humility,
 ' That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 ' Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 ' Even in the presence of the crowned King.
 ' Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
 ' My presence like a robe pontifical,
 ' Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at, and so my state,
 ' Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 ' And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 ' The skipping King, he ambled up and down
 ' With shallow jesters, and rash bavin' wits,
 ' Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his state,
 ' Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
 ' Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
 ' And gave his countenance, against his name,
 ' To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
 ' Of every beardless vain comparative:
 ' Grew a companion to the common streets,
 ' Enscor'd himself to popularity:

' That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 ' They surfeited with honey, and began
 ' To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof little
 ' More than a little, is by much too much.
 ' So when he had occasion to be seen,
 ' He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
 ' Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
 ' As sick and blunted with community,
 ' Afford no extraordinary gaze;
 ' Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
 ' When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
 ' But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 ' Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
 ' As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 ' Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full,
 And in that very line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation. Not an eye,
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
 Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
 Make blind it self with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more my self.

K. Henry. For all the world,
 As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then,
 When I from *France* set foot at *Ravensbrug*;
 And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
 Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy Interest to the state,
 Than thou, the shadow of succession!
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the Lions armed jaws;
 And being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and rev'rend bishops on,
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned *Douglas*, whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,

Holds

Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
 And military title capital,
 Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,
 Thrice hath this *Hot-spur* Mars in swathing cloaths,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
 Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
 Enlarg'd him, and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
 Th' Arch-bishop's grace of *York*, *Dowglas* and *Mortimer*,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
 Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
 Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
 To fight against me under *Percy's* pay,
 To dog his heels, and curt'sie at his frowns,
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me.
 I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son:
 When I will wear a garment of all blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight
 And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,

T'engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heav'n, I promise here :
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance ;
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this !
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt* ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury* :
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to-day :
With him my son, lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
For this advertisement is five days old.
On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward :
On *Thursday*, we our selves will march : our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth* ; and *Harry*, you shall march
Through *Glostershire* : || by which, some twelve days
hence.

Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.

Out

|| by which account

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces ~~will meet~~

Our hands are full of business : let's away,
 ‡ Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B**ardolph, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown : I am wither'd like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church! company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry : I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning-lamp.

Bard.

‡ Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. First edition.

Bard.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my Oath should be, by this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gad's-Hill* in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light; thou hast sav'd me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drank me, would have bought melights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heaven reward me for it.

Bard. Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tythe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelye, hostess; *Bardolph* was sthav'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John*: you do not know me, Sir *John*;

I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to baker's wives, and they have made boulders of them.

Hosf. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an ell: you owe money here besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hosf. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor: look upon his face; what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Hosf. O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashion.

Hosf. My lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hosf. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, *Jack*?

Fal.

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: and my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd pruen; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, *Maid-Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me; thou knave thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound.

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal*? a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a man I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But firrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why thou whoreson, impudent, imboist rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: And what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then you pickt my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd still. Nay, I prythee be gone,
[Exit Hostess.]

Now,

Now, *Hal*, to the news at court for the robbery, lad; how is that answered?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous, I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph*!

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to lord *John* of *Lancaster*, to my brother *John*. This to my lord of *Westmorland*, go *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o'clock in the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hostess my breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt*]





A C T IV. S C E N E I.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.



ELL said, my noble *Scot*; if speaking truth
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so gen'ral current through the
World.

By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defy
The Tongues of soothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than your self.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well—What letters hast thou there—
I can but thank you.

Mess. These come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heav'n's! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power:

Under

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I pr'ythee tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear'd by his physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here, that inward sickness——

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soon be drawn: nor thought he meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd, but on his own:

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is disposed to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes, what say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a ^a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour,

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom, and the soul of hope,

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion.

We now may boldly spend upon the hope

Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here :
The quality and † hair of our attempt
Brooks no division, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence,
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For well you know we of th' * offending side,
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your Father draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger ‡ glare to your great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here : for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the Kingdom ; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As heart can think ; there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this || term of fear.

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong,

† *beir.*

* *offering.*

‡ *dare.*

|| *dream.*

Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaster*.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further I have learn'd,
The King himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: Where is his son?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like *Estridges*, that with the wind
|| Baited like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his beaver on,
His ‡ cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And * witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; Worse than the sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish agues; let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall, and horse to horse

Meet;

|| Baited, i.e. *flutter'd the wings*.

‡ cuisses, *fr. armour for the thighs*.

* witch, for bewitch, charm.

Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a coarſe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more news:

I learnt in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen days.

Dow. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My Father and *Glendower* being both away,

The pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.

Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:

Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B** *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*: fill me
a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march
through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it
make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coynage.
Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a
ſowc'd gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the King's preſs damna-
bly. ' I have got, in exchange of an hundred and
' fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs
' me none but good houſholders, yeomens ſons: en-
' quire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as have been
' aſk'd twice on the banes: a commodity of warm
: ſlaves,

' slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; such
 ' as fear the report of a culverin, worse than a struck-
 ' fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I press me none but such
 ' toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger
 ' than pins heads, and they have bought out their servi-
 ' ces: and now my whole charge consists of ancients,
 ' corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves
 ' as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the
 ' glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed
 ' were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen,
 ' younger sons to younger brothers: revolted tapsters,
 ' and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world
 ' and long peace: ten times more dishonourably ragged,
 ' than an old fac'd ancient; and such have I to fill up
 ' the rooms of them that have bought out their ser-
 ' vices; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty
 ' tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from
 ' eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the
 ' way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and
 ' prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such skare-
 ' crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them,
 ' that's flat. Nay, and the villians march wide betwixt
 ' the legs, as if they had † gyves on: for indeed, I had
 ' the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt
 ' and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is
 ' two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the
 ' shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the
 ' shirt, to say the truth, stoll'n from my host of *St.*
 ' *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*.
 ' But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every
 ' hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a de-
 vil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good lord of *West-*
 D morland,

† shackles.

morland, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

SCENE IV.

*At SHREWSBURY.**Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.*

Hot. **W**E'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin be advis'd, stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dow. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas* : by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battel,

Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be : I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition ; certain horse

Of my cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,

Your uncle *Worcester's* horse came but to-day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half, half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy.

In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low :

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, *Sir Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality;
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my charge. — The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the
King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, sneaking home,

My

My father gave him welcome to the shore :
 And when we heard him swear and vow to God,
 He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,
 With tears of innocence and terms of zeal ;
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
 They more and less came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs, as pages * following him
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspur*g :
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the common-wealth ;
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for :
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the fav'rites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life :
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman *March*,
 (Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King) to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There without ransom, to lie forfeited :

D 3

Disgrac'd

* follow'd.

Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my uncle from the council-board,
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court,
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and withall to pry
 Into his title too, the which we find
 Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while:
 Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again;
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love,

Hot. It may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heav'n you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. **H**IE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed brief
 With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
 This to my cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you wou'd make haste.

Sir Mich. My lord, I guess their tenour.

York. Like enough.

To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
 What with the sickness of *Northumberland*,
 Whose pow'r was in the first proportion;
 And what with *Owen Glendower's* absence thence,

Who

Who with them was † a ^f rated finew too,
 And comes not in, o'er-ru'd by prophecies ;
 I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak
 To wage an instant tryal with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*,
 And lord *Mortimer*.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
 And there's my lord of *Worcester*, and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is: but yet the King hath drawn
 The special head of all the land together:
 The prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaster* ;
 The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*,
 And many more corrivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
 oppos'd.

York. I hope no less: yet needful 'tis to fear.
 And to prevent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed ;
 For if lord *Percy* thrive not, e'er the King
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us ;
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
 Therefore make haste, I must go write again
 To other friends ; and so farewell, *Sir Michell*.

[*Exeunt.*

^f rated firmly.

† a rated finew, so the first edition, i. e. accounted a
 strong aid.





ACT V. SCENE I.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

K. HENRY.



O W bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing than seem foul to those that win.

[The Trumpet sounds.]

Enter Worcester.

K. Henry. How, now, my lord of *Wor'ster*? 'tis not
well,

That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trusts,
And made us doff our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it, Sir? how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, * *Chevet*, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you, my staff of office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we sware our aid: but in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming suff'rances that you had borne
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly wodd,
To gripe the gen'ral sway into your hand;

D 5

Forgot

* *Chevet*, fr. a bolster.

Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster* ;
 And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
 As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
 Useth the Sparrow ; did oppress our nest,
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That ev'n our love durst not come near your sight
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth,
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents ;
 Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation ?
 And never yet did Insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
 If once they join in tryal. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
 In praise of *Harry Percy* : By my hopes,
 (This present enterprize set off his head)
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active, valiant, or more valiant young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deed.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry,
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
 Yet this before my father's Majesty,
 I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture
thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite,
Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And will, they take the offer of our grace;
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly. [Exit Worcester.]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspur* both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every leader to his charge.
For on their answer will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. *Hal*, if thou see me down in the battel, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship: Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heav'n a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? 'how then? can honour set to a leg? no, or

• or an arm? no. or take away the grief of a wound?
 • no. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What
 • is honour? a word. what is that word honour? Air;
 • a trim reckoning. who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wed-*
 • *nesday*, doth he feel it? no. doth he hear it? no. is
 • it insensible then? yea, to the dead. but will it not live
 • with the living? no. why? Detraction will not suffer
 • it, therefore I'll none of it. honour is a meer scutcheon,
 • and so ends my catechism. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Westmorland, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
 The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The King shou'd keep his word in loving us;
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults:
 Suspicion all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
 For treason is but trusted like the Fox,
 Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks;
 And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
 It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hare-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a spleen:
 All his offences live upon my head.
 And on his father's. We did train him on,
 And his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.

Therefore,

Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :
Deliver up my lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The King will bid you battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dow. Marry I shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Dowglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms, this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arms, gentlemen, to arms ; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry's* teeth :
And *Westmorland* that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking ? seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my soul : I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare,

To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
 He gave you all the duties of a man,
 Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
 Making you ever better than his praise :
 And which became him like a Prince indeed,
 He made a blushing * cital of himself,
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
 As if he master'd there a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning instantly.
 There did he pause ; but let me tell the world,
 If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear
 Of any Prince so wild a liberty.
 But be he as he will, yet once e'er night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
 Arm, arm with speed. And fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short :
 To spend that shortness basely were too long.
 Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings :
 If die ; brave death, when Princes die with us.
 Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
 When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter

* cital, for taxation.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking : only this,
Let each man do his best. And here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now * *Esperance ! Percy*, and set on :
Sound all the lofty instruments of war ;
And by that musick let us all embrace :
For (heav'n to earth) some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

[They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound.]

SCENE VI.

The King entreth with his power ; Alarm to the battel.

Then enter Dowglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battel crossed
me ?

What honour dost thou seek upon my head ?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*.
And I do haunt thee in the battel thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness ; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot* ;
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* death.

Fight

* *This was the word of battel on Percy's side. See
Hall's Chron. fol. 22.*

Fight, Blunt is slain: then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no: I know this face full well: A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*, Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ab! fool go with thy soul whither it goes, A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats. I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece, Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's honour for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: heaven keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here!

Enter

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword,

Many a noble man lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while. Turk *Gregory* never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but take my pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.
[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarum, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bledest too much: Lord *John of Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beseech your Majesty make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I will do so :

My lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord ! I do not need your help,
And heav'n forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels arms triumph in massacres.

Lan. We breathe too long ; come cousin *Westmorland*,
Our duty this way lies, for heaven's sake come.

P. Henry. By heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit :
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John* ;
But now, I do respect thee as my foul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh this boy
Lends mettle to us all.

[*Ex.*

Manet King Henry. Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King ? they grow like *Hydra's* heads :
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a King ?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves
at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King, I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thyself about the field ;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee : so defend thyself.

Dow. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King ;
But mine I'm sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight, the King being in danger.*

Enter

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again : the spirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms ;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

[They fight, Dowglas flyeth.]

Chearly, my lord ; how fares your grace ?
Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton* : I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heav'n, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous portions in the world,
And sav'd the treach'rous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to *Sir Nicholas Gawfey*.
[Exit.]

SCENE IX.

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of *Wales* ; and think not, *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,

Nor

Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us: and would to heav'n
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head:

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*; to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall find
no boys play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if
he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.*

Hot. Oh, *Harry*, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
flesh:

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the ‡ earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for—— [Dies.

P. Henry. Worms, brave *Percy*, Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough! this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou art sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,

And

‡ earth, and the

And ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my self
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n,
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He sees Falstaff.*
 —What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
 Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewell.
 I could have better spar'd a better man.
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
 If I were much in love with vanity.
 Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to-day,
 Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
 Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
 Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E X.

Falstaff rises.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lye, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hot-spur on his back.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E XI.

Enter Prince Henry and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou
flesht

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft, whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but
if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: there is
Percy, if your father will do me any honour, so; if not,
let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be
Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee
dead.

Fal. Didst thou? lord, lord, how the world is given
to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath,
and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought
along hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: If I may be believed,
so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the
sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death I gave
him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive,
and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of
my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A Retreat is sounded.]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours:

Come, brother, let's to th'highest of the field.

To see what friends are living, who are dead. *[Exeunt.]*

Fal.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him. If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a noble-man should do.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E XII.

The Trumpets sound : Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Wor'ster, did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
 And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
 A noble Earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If like a christian thou had'st truly born
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too.
 Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
 The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
 The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
 Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest :
 And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
 That the pursuers took him. At my tent
 The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your grace,
 I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
 This honourable bounty shall belong:

96 *First Part of K. HENRY IV.*

Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

**Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesie,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our
power.

You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rs *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
My self and my son *Harry* will tow'rs *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [Exeunt.

* *These two lines added out of the first edition.*

F I N I S.







The SECOND PART of

H E N R Y IV.

Containing his D E A T H:

A N D T H E

CORONATION

O F

King *H E N R Y* V.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers
of *London* and *Westminster*.

M DCC XXXIV.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, with his Accomplices, have printed and publish'd several of *Shakespear's* Plays; and to screen their innumerable Errors, advertise, That they are Printed as they are acted, and Industriosly report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres: I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in Defence of Myself, That no Person ever had, directly or indirectly from me, any such Copy or Copies; neither wou'd I be accessary on any Account in Imposing on the Publick such Useless, Pirated, and Maim'd Editions, as are publish'd by the said *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD, Prompter to His
Majesty's Company of Comedians at
the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

JOHN LEVER, Bookseller, Stationer and Printseller, at *Little Moorgate*, near *Moorfields*.

Dramatis Personæ,

KING Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John, of Lancaster, } *Sons to Henry the Fourth,*

Humphry of Gloucester, } *and Brethren to Henry*

Thomas of Clarence, } *the Fifth.*

Northumberland,

Archbishop of York,

Mowbray,

Hastings,

Lord Bardolph,

Travers,

Moreton,

Colville,

Warwick,

Westmorland,

Surrey,

Gower,

Harcourt,

Lord Chief Justice,

Falstaff,

Poins,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Peto,

Page,

Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.

Phang and Snare, two Serjeants.

Mouldy,

Shadow,

Wart,

Feeble,

Bulcalf.

Country Soldiers.

Irregular Humourists.

Opposites against King Henry the Fourth.

of the King's Party.

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly.

Dol Tear-sheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The



The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

A C T I.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR, * *painted full of Tongues.*



PEN your ears: for which of you will
stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Ru-
mour speaks?

I from the orient to the drooping west
Making the wind my post horse, still
unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of † men with false reports:
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

A 3

And

* This direction, which is only to be found in the first edition in quarto of 1600, explains a passage in what follows, otherwise obscure. † them.

And no such matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is *Rumour* here?
 I run before King *Harry's* victory,
 Who in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*
 Hath beaten down young *Hot-spur* and his troops;
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels blood. But what mean I
 To speak † so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad that *Harry Monmouth* fell
 Under the wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* sword;
 And that the King before the *Dowglas'* rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*,
 And this worm-eaten hole of ragged stone,
 Where *Hot-spur's* father, old *Northumberland*
 Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me From *Rumour's* tongues,
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs. [Exit.]

S C E N E I.

*Northumberland's Castle.**Enter Lord Bardolph, and the Porter at one door.*

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho? where is the
 Earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
 That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
 Please it your honour knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter

† of truth.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, lord *Bardolph*? ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild: Contention-like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury*.

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Westmerland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth's* brawn, the hulk, Sir *John*,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times
Since *Cesar's* fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence,

A gentleman well-bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On *Tuesday* last, to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

S C E N E II.

Enter Travers.

North. Now *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd.
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:

He ask'd the way to *Chester*; and of him
 I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury*?
 He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
 And that young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward, struck his * agile heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! again:

Said he young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold?
 Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you.
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a filken point
 I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by *Traverse*?
 Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who he?
 He was some † hilding fellow, that had stol'n,
 The horse he rode on; and upon my life
 Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

S C E N E III.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
 So looks the strand, ‡ whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, *Morton*, did'st thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble lord.
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
 Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,

And

* able. † hilding, for hinderling; i. e. base, degenerate.

‡ when the

And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
 But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue:
 And I, my *Percy's* death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou would'st say: your son did thus and thus;
 Your brother, thus: so fought the noble *Douglas*:
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bell deeds.
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with brother, son, and all, are dead!

Mort. *Douglas* is living, and your brother, yet;
 But for my lord, your son ———

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath;
 He that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by Instinct, knowledge from other eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chang'd. Yet *Morton*, speak:
 Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be by me gainsaid:
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, say not that *Percy's* dead.
 I see a strange confession in thine eye:
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
 And he doth sin that doth bely the dead,
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office: and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to heav'n I had not seen.
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To *Henry Monmouth*; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
 From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
 In few; his death, whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,

Being bruited once; took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in it self,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hotspur's* loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fl'd not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ster*,
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Douglas*, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath sent out
A speedy pow'r t' encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*
And *Westmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick: and this news,
'That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
Bei'g sick, hath in some measure made me well.
And as the wretch whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fir breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs
Weaken'd with grief, - being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand. And hence thou sickly quif,
'Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes flesh'd with conquest aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and sp'ight dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*!
• Let heav'n kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
• Keep t' e wild flood confin'd; let order die,
• And let this World no longer be a stage

To

To feed contention in a lingring act:
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

* *Bard.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord;

Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health, the which if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

† You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said
 Let us make head: it was your presumise,
 That in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable

Of wounds and scars; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
 Yet did you say, Go forth. And none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-born action. What hath then befall'n,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this less,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
 That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
 And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
 Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort.

* This line is only in the first edition, where it is spoken by Umfrville, who speaks no where else. It seems necessary to the connection.

† The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions, till that in folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play are inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery, generally, that the insertions are plainly, by Shakespear himself.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my most noble lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:
 † The gentle Arch-bishop of *York* is up
 With well-appointed Powers; he is a man
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My lord, your son, had only but the corp,
 But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.
 For that same word, rebellion did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrained
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side: but for their spirits and souls,
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion;
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones;
 Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cause;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land
 Gasping for life, under great *Bolingbroke*:
 And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to speak truth,
 This present grief hath wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me, and counsel every man
 The aptest way for sa'ety and revenge:
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed,
 Never so few, nor never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

† All the following lines to the end of this speech are
 not in the first edition.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

A Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water it self was a good † healing water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to 'gird at me. The brain of this foolish compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot till now: but I will set you nei-her in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master for a jewel. The *Juvenil*, the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine; I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon*, about the fatten for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph*: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

Fal.

† healing.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter; a whorson *Achitophel*, a rascally year-forsooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security*? the whorson-smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes; and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon *security*: I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph*?

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Pauls*, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

S C E N E V.

Enter Chief Justice and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. *Falstaff*, and't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath since done good service at *Shrewsbury*; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord *John of Lancaster*.

Ch. Just. What to *York*? call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*.

Fal.

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg, than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knight-hood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your knight-hood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? if thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you hunt counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad; I heard say, your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this same whorson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n mend him. I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whorson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fall'n into that disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not list'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled with.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple it self.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my counsel learned in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mis-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gail a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet over posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow; but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go; ——— I cannot tell; Virtue is of so little regard in these costor-monger days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving recknings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a goose-berry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers, with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the † va-ward of our youth, I must confess are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? * your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call your self young? fy, fy, fy, Sir *John*.

Fal. My lord, I was ‡ born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lion repents: marry not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n send the Prince a better companion.

Fal.

† va-ward, i. e. vanguard.

* your wind short, your wit single.

‡ added from the first edition.

Fal. Heav'n send the companion a better Prince : I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it ; but look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day : for I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but a bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. — ‡ but it was always the trick of our *English* nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you shou'd give me rest : I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is ! I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heav'n bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth ?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny ; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin *Westmorland*. [Exit.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a * three-man-beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and litchery : but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy.

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord

‡ These following periods are restor'd from the first edition.

* three-man-beetle, i. e. a rammer big enough to require three men to lift it.

lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it ; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout, or a gout of this pox ; for the one or th'other plays the rogue with my great toe : it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable : a good wit will make use of any thing, I will turn diseases to commodity. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Y O R K.

Enter Arch-bishop of York, Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal) and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means :

Now my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.

And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it ?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance our selves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King ?

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice :
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord *Hastings*, standeth thus ;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without *Northumberland* ?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry there's the point :
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theam so bloody-fac'd as this,

Conjecture,

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph*; for indeed
It was young *Hot-spur's* case at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air, on promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
* Impede the instant act; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at least, desist
To build at all? much more in this great work,
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite? or else,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste, for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born; and that we now possess

* *Indeed.*

The

The utmost man of expectation :

I think we are a body strong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What is the King but five and twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay not so much, lord *Bardolph*.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads ; one pow'r against the *French*,
And one against *Glendower* ; perforce a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm King
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. [ther,

York. That he should draw his sev'ral strengths toge-
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welsh*
Baying him at his heels ; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither ?

Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster* and *Westmorland* :
Against the *Welsh*, himself and *Harry Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the *French*,
I have no certain notice.

* *York.* Let us on :

And publish the occasion of our Arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heav'n with blessing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?

And now being trim'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.

So, so thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust in these times ?

They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,

Are

* This excellent speech of *York*, was one of the passages added by *Shakespear* after his first edition.

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
 Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud *London* he came fighting on
 After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
 Cry'st now, O Earth yield us that King again,
 And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurs'd,
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids, be gone.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

L O N D O N.

Enter Hostess, with two Officers, Fang and Snare.

Host. **M**R. Fang, have you enter'd the action?
Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman? is he a lusty yeoman?
 Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare*?

Host. Ay, ay, good Mr. *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. *Snare*, we must arrest Sir *John Falstaff*.

Host. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he
 will stab.

Host. Alas-the-day; take heed of him; he stab'd me
 in mine own house, and that most beastly; he cares
 not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He
 will foil like any devil, he will spare neither man,
 woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within
 my * vice.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you he is
 an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Mr. Fang, hold
 him

* vice, or grasp, a metaphor taken from a smith's
 vice; there is another reading in the old edition, view,
 which I think not so good.

him sure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not scape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, saving your manhoods, to buy a saddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-street* to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman*. I pray ye, since my action is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have born, and born, and born: and have been sub'd off, and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an Ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Fang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away varlets; draw, *Bardolph*: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hof. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou hony-suckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou hony-feed-rogue, thou art a hony-feed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A rescue, a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou, thou wo't, wo't thou rogue; do, thou hempseed.

Fal. Away you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian: I'll tickle your catastrophe.

S C E N E II.

Enter Chief Justice.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho.

Hof. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Does this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to *York*. Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace I am a poor widow of *Eastcheap*, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up,

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? fy, what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? are you not ashamed to enforce a poor Widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thy self and the money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on *Wednesday* in *Whitson-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing-man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it; did not goodwife *Keech* the butcher's Wife come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou did desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? and didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiar with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me Madam? and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath, deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath

distracted

distracted her; but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*. I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord I will not undergo this * sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sawciness: If a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I desire deliverance from these Officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak, as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Aside.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Just. Master Gower, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and Henry Prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman —

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal,

B

or

* sneap, a yorkshire word for rebuke,

or the *German* hunting in water work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries: let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action, come, thou must not be in this humour with me; come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together.

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tear-Sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Host. and Serjeant.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gower. At *Basingstoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, 'Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaster*, Against *Northumberland* and the Arch-bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My lord.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you good Sir *John*.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in the countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master *Gower*?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir *John*?

Fal.

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Continues in London.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins,

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then my Appetite was not princely got; for in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast? (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. * And God knows whether those that bawl out of the Ruins of thy linnen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? tell me how many good young Princes should do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is.

B 2

P. Henry.

* This period is supply'd out of the old edition.

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Henry. Thou thinkst me as far in the devil's book, as thou and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have * seemed so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaff*.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay by this light I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave *Falstaff*; he had him from me christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your grace.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*.

Poins. Come you * virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice; and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorson upright rabbit, away.

Page. Away you rascally *Althea's* dream, away.

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is boy. *[Gives him money.]*

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers: well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your grace's coming to town! There's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect; and how doth the *Martlemas*, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and holds his place: for look you how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight:* ————— every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself:

B 3.

* pernicious.

himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say *there is some of the King's blood spilt*. How comes that? says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap; *I am the King's poor Cousin, Sir*.

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the letter: ——— Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poins. Why this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his Sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars: John with my brothers and sisters: and Sir John with all Europe.*

My lord, I will keep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune. But I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us: is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old * frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in East-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. Quickly, and Mrs. Dol Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Henry.

* frank, i. e. a hogsty.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: go. This *Doll Tear-sheet* should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between *St. Albans* and *London*.

P. Henry. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, like drawers.

P. Henry. From a God to a Bull? a heavy * descension. It was *Jove's* case. From a Prince to a prentice, a low transformation; that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Northumberland.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pr'ythee loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs. Put not you on the visage of the times, And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. North. I have giv'n over, I will speak no more: Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn, And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. O yet for heav'n's sake, go not to these wars: The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endear'd to it, than now; When your own *Percy*, when my Heart-dear *Harry* Threw many a northward look, to see his father Bring up his pow'rs: but he did long in vain!

* *declension.*

B 4.

Who

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 There were two honours lost; yours and your son's
 For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of *England* move
 To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
 Wherein the noble Youth did dress themselves.
 * He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant:
 For those that could speak low and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
 O miracle of men! him did you leave
 To look upon the hideous God of war
 In disadvantage, to abide a field
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur's* name
 Did seem defensible: so you left him.
 Never, O never do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him. Let them alone:
 The Marshal and the Arch-bishop are strong.
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I (hanging on *Hot-spur's* neck)
 Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient over-sights.
 But I must go and meet with danger there;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

L. North. Fly to *Scotland*,
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy.

* The twenty two following lines, are of those added by
 Shakspear after his first edition.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son:
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow:
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-sand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Tavern in Eastcheap,

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-Johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an Apple-John.

2 Draw. Mafs! thou sayest true; the Prince once set a dish of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mrs. Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick, † Dispatch! the room where they sapt is too hot, they'll come in strait.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Master Poin's anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

B 5

1 Draw.

† This period is from the first edition.

I Draw. Then here will be old * *Utis*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

a Draw. I'll see if I can find out *Sneak*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but you have drank too much canary, and that's a marvellous searching wine; and it perfumes the blood ere we can say what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.

Host. Why, that was well said: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court ——— empty the jordan ——— and was a worthy King: how now, Mrs. *Dol*?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth,

Fal. So is all her sect, if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mrs. *Dol*.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor vertue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your † brooches, pearls and owches, for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely —

Dol.

* *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *Huit*; octo, ab *AS*. *Ḳahza*. *Octava Festi alicujus*. Skinner.

† brooches, were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. Owches were bosses of gold set with diamonds.

Dol. Hang your self, you muddy Conger, hang your self!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year? one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [*To Dol.*]

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuf in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack*: thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

S-C-E-N-E IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'd rogue in *England*.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no by my faith: I must live amongst my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swaggering now; shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess? ———

Host. Pray you pacify your self, Sir *John*, there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ——— it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your antient swaggerers comes not in my doors. I was before master *Tisick* the deputy the other day; and as he said to me ——— it was no longer ago than *Wednesday* last ——— neighbour

Quickly, say he; ——— master *Domb* our minister was by then; ——— neighbour *Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil; for faith he, you are in an ill name: now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive, says he, no
swaggering

swaggering companions ——— There come none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, if faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy-greyhound; he will not swagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering; I am the worse when one says swagger; feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, as if it were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

S C E N E X.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-liinnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your master,

Pist. I know you, mistress *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung away: by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-bilt stale jugler you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your shoulder? much.

P. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal.

* *Fal.* No more, *Pistol*; I wou'd not have you go off here: discharge your self of our company, *Pistol*.

Hof. No, good captain *Pistol*: not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aham'd to be call'd captain? if captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out + of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house? he a captain! hang him, rogue; he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain! † as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first, to *Pluto's* damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, I say: down! down dogs, down fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. Good captain *Peefel* be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours indeed. Shall packhorses And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Asia*, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, Compare with *Cesar*, and with *Cannibal*, And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with *King Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar: Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hof. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year? do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist.

* This is from the old edition, 1600. † for.

‡ out of the old edition.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me some sack. *Si fortuna me tormento, sperato me contente.*

Fear we broad sides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and sweet-heart, lye thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are *&cetera's* nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy * neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs, I cannot endure such a sustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs, know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What shall we have incision? shall we embrew? then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days: why then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds, untwine the sisters three: come, *Atropos*, I say. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Host. Hero's goodly stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the rascal is gone: ah you whorson, little valiant villain you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue you: alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? come, let me wipe thy face —

come

* neif, from *nativa*, i. e. a woman slave that is born in one's house. He would kiss *Dol.*

come on you whorson chops — ah rogue, I love thee — thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine worthies: a villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Dol. I'faith and thou follow'dst him like a church; thou whorson little tydie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

: S C E N E XI.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins disguis'd.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon, his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles end for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their *Averdupois*.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years cut-live performance?

Fal. Kifs me, *Dol.*

P. Henry. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. By my troth I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kittle of? I shall receive mony on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: prove that ever I drest my self handsom till thy return ——— Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, *Francis.*

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, wh at a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir; and I am come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. Oh, the lord preserve thy good grace. Welcome to London. Now heav'n bless that sweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whorson-made compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Leaning his hand upon *Dol.*

Dol.

Dol. How! you fat-fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whorson candle-myne you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. Blessing on your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me as you did when you ran away by *Gads hlll*, you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuse.

P. Henry. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, *Ned*, in the world; honest *Ned*, none, I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now whether pure fear and entire cowardise doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead Elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer's* privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast mault-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil * out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women?

Fal.

* In the first Edition it is the devil blinds him too.

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul: for the other, I owe her mony; and whether she be damn'd for that I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman.

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. *Peto*, how now? what News?

Peto. The King your father is at *Westminster*, And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north; and as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns. And asking every one for Sir *John Falstaff*.

P. Henry. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the South Born with black vapour doth begin to melt And drop upon our bare unarmed heads. Give me my sword, and cloak: *Falstaff*, good night!

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir; presently: a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, Sirrah: farewell hostess, farewell *Dol.* You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the
man

man of action is called on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak, if my heart be not ready to burst — well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thy self.

Fal. Farewel, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man — well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-sheet*.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tear-sheet* come to my master.

Hof. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [Exeunt]

ACT III. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. **G**O, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*; But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit Page.*]

How many thousands of my poorest subjects

Are at this hour asleep! 'O gentle Sleep,

'Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

'That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down;

'And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

'Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,

'Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

'And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;

'Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,

'Under the canopies of costly state,

'And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

'O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile

'In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

'A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?

'Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,

'Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,

'In cradle of the rude imperious surge;

'And in the visitation of the winds,

' Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 ' Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 ' With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry shrouds,
 ' That with the hurley, death it self awakes?
 ' Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 ' To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
 ' And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 ' With all appliances and means to boot,
 ' Deny it to a King? then happy low! lye down;
 Uneasie lyes the head that wears a crown.

S C E N E II

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrrows to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one a clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why then good-morrow to you all, my lords;
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom;
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. Oh heav'n that one might read the book
of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
Weary of solid firmness, melt it self
Into the sea; and other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean

Too wide for *Neptune's* hips: how chances mock
And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors. * O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Wou'd shut the book, and sit him down and die.

*Tis

* These four verses are supply'd from the edition of 1602.

'Tis not ten years since *Richard* and *Northumberland*
 Did feast together; and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
 This *Percy* was the man nearest my soul,
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea for my sake ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
 Gave him defiance. Which of you was by?
 (You, cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember) (To *Warwick*.
 When *Richard* with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy,
 ' *Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
 ' My cousin *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne:
 (Though then, heav'n knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss)
 ' The time shall come, (thus did he foilow it,)
 ' The time will come, that foul sin-gathering head,
 ' Shall break into corruption; so went on,
 Fore-telling this same time's condition;
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesie
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intresured.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And by the necessary form of this,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater fallow's,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities;
 And that same word even now cries out on us:
 They say the Bishop and *Northumberland*
 Are fifty thousand strong.

- War. It cannot be:

Rumour doth double,* like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The pow'rs that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the holy-land. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The C O U N T R Y.

*Enter Shallow and Silence, Justices; with Mouldy,
Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your
hand, Sir; an early stirrer, by the * rood. And how
doth my good cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow?
and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir; I dare say my cousin *Wil-*
liam is become a good scholar: he is at *Oxford* still, is he
not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of court shortly: I
was once of *Clement's-Inn*; where, I think, they will talk
of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done
any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I,
and

* the rood, i. e. the cross.

and little *John Dott* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bure*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will. Squeele* a *Cot'swold* man, you had not four such swing-bucklers in all the Inns of court again; and I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff* (now *Sir John*, boy) a page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This *Sir John*, cousin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The same *Sir John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schoggan's* head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day I did fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. O the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure: death (as the Psalmist saith) is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir:

Shal. Dead! see, see, he drew a good bow: and dead? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clapt in the clowt at twelve score, and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

SCENE IV.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Sil. Here come two of *Sir John Falstaff's* men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Esquire of this county, one of the King's Justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falstaff*; a tall gentleman by heav'n! and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said indeed, too: better accommodated — it is good, yea indeed is it; good Phrases surely are, and * ever were, very commendable. Accommodated — it comes of *Accommodate*; very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? by this day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand: trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card*; as I think?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my cousin *Silence*; in commission with me.

Fal. Good master *Silence*, it well befits you shall be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fy, this is hot weather, gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal.

* every where.

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*: let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Fal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent i' faith. Things that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace *Mouldy*, you shall go, *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: stand aside: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so indeed, but not of the father's substance.

Shal. How do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serve for a summer; prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart.*

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Shal. What trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor; well said, courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, master *Shallow*, deep, master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalf* of the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bulcalf*. Will he roar again.

Bul. Oh good my lord captain.

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick't?

Bul.

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master *Shallow*.

Shal. By the mass I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old; certain she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's-Inn*.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, cousin *Silence*, that thou had'st seen that, that this knight and I have seen: hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith Sir *John* we have: our watch-word was hem boys. Come, let's to dinner; Oh the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. Good master corporate *Bardolph* stand my Friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* crowns

for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends, else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Mould. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake stand my friend: she hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help her self: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny, so: if it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*: for you, *Mouldy*, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master *Shallow*, how to chuse a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big semblance of a man? give me the spirit, master *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*, you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, swifter than he their gibbets or the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great

great aim level at the edge of a penknife : and, for a retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off. O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a † caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, traverse; thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver : so, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, *Wart*, thou art a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement's* Inn, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur's* show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : rah, tah, tah, would he say : bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come : I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master *Shallow*, God keep you; farewell, master *Silence*. I will not use many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to-night. *Bardolph* give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master *Shallow*.

Fal. Go to : I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[Exit.

Fal. Fare you well, gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*; lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices : I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-street*; and every third word a lye, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk's* tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's* Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked he was for all the world like a fork-

ed radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions, to any thick sight were invisable. He was the very *Genius* of famine, * yet lecherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the reward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over † schutche huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. And now is this vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt*, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marshall's men. I saw it, and told *John of Gaunt* he beat his own name, for you might have truss'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him; and now hath he land and beeves. Well. I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him, Let time shape, and there's an end.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In YORKSHIRE.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Coleville.

York. **W**HAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest.

York. Here stand my lords, and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

* added from the edition of 1600.

† schutche, i. e. whipt, over-switch'd, i. e. carted.

I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
 New dated letters from *Northumberland*;
 Their cold intent, tenure and substance thus:
 How he doth wish his person, with such powers
 As might hold sortance with his quality,
 The which he could not levy; whereupon
 He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
 To *Scotland*: and concludes in hearty prayers,
 That your attempts may over live the hazard
 And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
 ground,
 And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
 In goodly form comes on the enemy:
 And by the ground they hide, I judge their num' er
 Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
 Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

S C E N E II.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of *Westmorland*.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
 The Prince, lord *John*, and Duke of *LANCASTER*.

York. Say on, my lord of *Westmorland*, in peace;
 What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
 Unto your grace do I in chief address
 The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
 Came like it self, in base and abject routs,
 Led on by bloody youth, *goaded with rage,
 And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
 I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear'd
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords,

Had not been here to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection
 With your fair honours. You, my lord Archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace;
 Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
 Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

† *York*. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
 Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
 Have brought our selves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of *Westmorland*,
 I take not on me here as a physician:
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But rather shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
 And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs he vier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,

We

We are deny'd access unto his person,
 Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The danger of the day's but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. Whenever yet was your appeal deny'd?
 Wherein have you been galled by the King?
 What Peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion, with a seal divine?

York. My brother General, the commonwealth,
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before,
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay an heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

* *West.* O my good lord *Mowbray*,
 Construe the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
 And not the King, that doth you injuries.
 Yet for your part, it not appears to me,
 Or from the King, or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
 That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
 The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him.
 And then, when *Henry Bolingbroke* and he

C 5

Being

* The two or three next speeches were also of those inserted.

Being mounted and both rowled in their seats,
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
 My father from the breast of *Bolingbroke*;
 O, when the King did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw,
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
 That by indictment or by dint of sword
 Have since miscarried under *Bolingbroke*.

West. You speak, lord *Mowbray*, now you know not
 The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then [what:
 In *England*, the most valiant Gentleman.
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
 But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*,
 For all the country in a general voice
 Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
 Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd and grac'd more than the King himself.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.
 Here come I from our princely General,
 To know your griefs, to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience; and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them; every thing set off
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
 For lo within a ken our army lies;
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.
 Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,

To hear and absolutely to determine

Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the General's name:

I muse you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of *Westmorland*, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances:

Each several article herein redress'd,

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinewed to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form;

And present executions of our wills,

To us, and to our purposes confin'd;

We come within our awful banks again;

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the General. Please you, lords,

In sight of our battles, we may meet

At either end in peace; which heav'n so frame!

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so.

[Exit *West.*]

SCENE III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,

As our conditions shall insist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,

That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,

Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reason,

Shall to the King taste of this action.

That, were our royal faiths, martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,

And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
 Of dainty and such picking grievances:
 For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
 He cannot so precisely weed this land,
 As his misdoubts present occasion;
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 That plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement:
 So that his pow'r, like to a fangless Lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord Marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
 Here is return'd my lord of *Westmorland*.

Enter Westmorland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lord-
 ship

To meet his grace, just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then set
 forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace, my lord, we come.

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster.

Lan. You're well encountred here, my cousin *Mowbray*;
 Good day to you, my gentle lord Arch-bishop,
 And so to you, lord *Hastings*, and to all.
 My lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
 When that your flock ass'mbled by the bell
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text;
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sun shine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the count'nance of the King,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness? With you, lord Bishop,
 It is ev'n so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament:
 To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it self;
 The very opener and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heav'n,
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the rev'rence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
 As a false favourite doth his Prince's name,
 In deeds dishon'rabl? you've taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And both against the peace of heav'n and him
 Have here upswarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of *Lancaster*,
 I am not here against your father's peace:
 But, as I told my lord of *Westmorland*,
 The time mis-order'd doth in common sense
 Croud us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,

The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court :
 Wheron this *Hydra*-son of war is born,
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 With grant of our most just and right desire ;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt :
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
 And so success of mischief shall be borne,
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 While *England* shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
 To found the bottom of the after times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
 How far forth you do like their articles ?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well :
 And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook,
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redrest ;
 Upon my life they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your pow'rs into their several counties,
 As we will ours ; and here between the armies
 Let's drink together friendly and embrace ;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.]

Lan. I give it you ; and will maintain my word ;
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
 This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
 I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Coleville.]

York. To you, my noble lord of *Westmorland*.

West. I pledge your Grace ; and if you knew what
 pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,

You

You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin *Mowbray*.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry *Coz.* since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they shout.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd;
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too; [*Exit West.*
And good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord *Hastings*:

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

SCENE V.

Enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south: or like a school broke up,
Each hies towards his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord *Hastings*; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:

And

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine honour
I will perform with a most christian care.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heav'n and not we have safely fought to day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: so shall you still be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are you not Sir *John Falstaff*?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falstaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency,

fetency, I were simply the most active fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmorland.

Lan. The heat is past, follow no farther now,
Call in the pow'rs, good cousin *Westmorland*. [*Exit West.*
Now *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallow's back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus:
I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward
of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a
bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedi-
tion of thought? I speeded hither with the very extrem-
est inch of possibility. I have found'r'd ninescore and
odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in
my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of
the dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous enemy: but
what of that? he saw me and yielded: that I may justly
say with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome*, I came, saw,
and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him;
and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of
this day's deeds; or by the lord I will have it in a particu-
lar ballad by it self, with mine own picture on the top of
it, *Colevile* kissing my foot: to the which course if I be en-
forc'd, if you do not all shew likegilt two pences to me;
and I in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as
the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which
shew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the
noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then?

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may
do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile*?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Fal.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou
like a kind fellow, gav'st thy self away gratis; and I
thank thee for thee.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Westmorland.

Lan. Now have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send *Coleville* then with his confederates
To *York*, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Exit with Coleville.*]

And now dispatch we t'ward the court, my lords;

I hear the King, my father, is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him:

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through *Glo'stershire*; and when you come to court, pray,
stand in your good report, my lord.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falstaff*, I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than
your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded boy doth not love me; a man cannot make
him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.
There's never any of these demure boys come to any
proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood,
and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind
of male green-sickness; and then when they marry,
they get wenches. They are generally fools and cow-
ards; which some of us should be too, but for in-
flammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a twofold ope-
ration in it; it ascends me into the brain, dries me there
all the foolish, dull and crudy vapours which environ it;
makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble,
fiery

fiery and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is the warming of the blood which before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardise; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without Sack, for that sets it a work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph*?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go, I'll thro' *Glocestershire*, and there will I visit master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heav'n do give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,

Our

Our substitutes in absence well invested,
 And every thing lies level to our wish :
 Only we want a little personal strength :
 And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
 Come underneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majesty
 Shall soon enjoy

K. Henry. *Humphry*, my son of *Gloucester*,
 Where is the Prince your brother ?

Glou. I think he is gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windsor*

K. Henry. And how accompanied ?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother *Thomas* of *Clarence*
 with him ?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and Father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*
 How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas* ;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,
 And noble offices thou may'st effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
 Therefore omit him not ; blunt not his love,
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious if he be observ'd :
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day, for melting charity :
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper therefore must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
 But being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas* ;
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

That the united vessel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of suggestion,
As force, perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As *Aconitum*, or rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at *Windfor* with him,
Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in *London*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he the nob'e image of my youth,
Is over-spread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches it self beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his head-strong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
On with what wings shall his affection fly
Tow'rd's fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the Bee doth leave her
comb

In the dead carrion. — Who's here? *Westmorland*?

S C E N E IX.

Enter Westmorland.

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness,
Added to that, which I am to deliver.
Prince *John*, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand;
Mowbray, the Bishop, *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been born;
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O *Westmorland*, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majesty:
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolf*
With a great pow'r of *English* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkshire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good new
make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor in health) or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majesty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, chear up your self, look up

War.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air: he'll strait be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the † mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glow. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say it did so a little time before

That our great Grandfire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glow. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some slow and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

S C E N E X.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of *Clarence*?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none
abroad?

How doth the King?

Glow. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glow. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick with joy,

He'll recover without physick.

† or wall.

War.

War. Not so much noise, my lords ; sweet Prince,
 speak low ;

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us ?

P. Henry. No ; I will sit, and watch here by the King.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bed-fellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night : sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
 Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord ! my father !

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,

That from this golden * rigol hath divorc'd

So many *English* Kings. Thy due from me

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood,

Which nature, love and filial tenderness

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.

My due from thee is this imperial crown,

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood

Derives it self to me. Lo, here it sits,

Which heav'n shall guard : and put the world's whole
 strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me. This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, and Clarence.

K. Henry. *Warwick ! Gloucester ! Clarence !*

Cla. Doth the King call ?

War.

* rigol, or circle ; meaning the crown.

War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege;
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The Prince of Wales! where is he? let me see him.

War. The door is open, he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? find him, my lord of Warwick,
And chide him hither strait; this part of his
Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.
See, sons, what things you are; how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry: for this engrossed
The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;
For this, they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry Flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and like the Bees
Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the * dying father.

Enter Warwick.
Now where is he? that will not stay so long,
Till his friend, Sickness, hath determin'd me.

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quaff but blood,

† ending.

Would by beholding him have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Ex.*]

P. Hen. I neuer thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, *Harry*, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee;
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

Thou hast stoln that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence: and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my frail life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thy self,

And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear

That thou art crowned: not that I am dead!

Let all the tears that should bedew my herse

Be drops of balm to sanctifie thy head;

Only compound me with forgotten dust,

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up vanjty,

Down royal state. All you sage counsellors hence,

And to the *English* court assemble now

From ev'ry region, apes of idleness:

Now neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum;

Have you a ruffian that will swear? drink? dance?

P. *Henry*. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling*]

... 1942 ... Haft

* most.

Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head
 To try with it (as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father)
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it;
 Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Henry. O my son!

Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st † win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this Crown; and I my self know well
 How troublesome it fate upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation:
 For all the soil of the atchievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances,
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
 Thou seest with peril I have answered:
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument: And now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
 So thou the garland wear'st successively
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do.

Thou

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy land;
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign * wars; that action, hence born out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the Crown, O God forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Henry. My gracious Liege;
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be;
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace and happiness to my royal father!

K. Henry. † Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
 Son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight
 My wordly business makes a period.

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick.

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Henry. Land be to God! ev'n there my life must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,

That I should die in Jerusalem.

* quarrels.

† Thou bring'st me happiness, Son John.

I should not die but in *Jerusalem*:

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy land.

But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:

In that *Jerusalem* shall *Harry* die,

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

G L O S T E R S H I R E.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Davy.

Shal. **B**Y cock and pye Sir, you shall not away to-night.
What, *Davy*, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, master *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
serve: you shall not be excus'd. Why *Davy*.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. *Davy, Davy, Davy*, let me see, *Davy*, let me see,
William Cook, bid him come hither. — Sir *John*, you
shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: those precepts cannot be serv'd;
and again, Sir, shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy*. But for *William Cook*;
are there no young *Pidgeons*?

Davy. Yea, Sir — Here is now the *Smith's* note
for shoeing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid — Sir *John*, you
shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had.
And Sir, do you mean to stop any of *William's* wages
about the sack he lost the other day at *Hinckly fair*?

Shal. He shall answer it. Some *Pidgeons*, *Davy*, a
couple of short-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any
pretty little tiny kickshaws: tell *William Cook*.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yea, *Davy*, I will use him well. A friend i'th'
court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men
well,

well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous soul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*: About thy Business, *Davy*.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance *William Visor* of *Wincot*, against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, against that *Visor*; that *Visor* is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, Sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir, therefore I beseech your worship let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I say he shall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John*? come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, master *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow; [*To the Page*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolph*, look to our horses. — If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded-hermites-slaves as master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits and his: they by observing of him do bear themselves like foolish justices; he by conversing with them is turn'd into a justice-like servingman. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent like so many wild Geese. If I had a suit to master *Shallow*, I would

humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: If to his men, I would curry with master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions, and he shall laugh * without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lye with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John*.

Fal. I come, master *Shallow*; I come, master *Shallow*.

S C E N E II.

L O N D O N.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord Chief Justice, whether away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him,
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm my self
To welcome the condition of the time,

Which

* *with.*

Which cannot look more hateously on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloucester and Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry :
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen :
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin *Warwick*.

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier.

Glou. O, good my lord, you've lost a friend indeed,
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier : would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well you must now speak Sir *John Falstaff* fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' * impartial conduct of my soul ;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and fore stall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

* imperial.

S C E N E III.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Just. Heav'n save your Majesty.

P. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* court;

Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds,

But *Harry, Harry*. Yet be sad, good Brothers,

For to speak truth, it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on;

And wear it in my heart: Why then be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by heav'n, I bid you be assur'd

I'll be your father and your brother too:

Let me but bear your love; I'll bear your cares:

Yet weep that *Harry's* dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* lives that shall convert those tears

By number into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

P. Henry. You all look strangely on me; and you most.
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

[To the Ch. Just.]

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. Henry. No! might a Prince of my great hopes
forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

Th' immediate heir of *England*! was this easy?

May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:

And in th' administration of his law

While I was busy for the common-wealth,

Your

Your Highness pleased to forget my place.
 The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
 The image of the King whom I presented;
 And struck me in the very seat of judgment:
 Whereon as an offender to your father
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at naught?
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench?
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person?
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body?
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son;
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
 Behold your self so by a son disdain'd:
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r soft silencing your son.
 After this cold consid'rance, sentence me;
 And as you are a King, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this
 well,

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
 So shall I live to speak my father's words,
 Happy am I that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper son;
 And no less happy having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hand of justice. You committed me;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,
 With this remembrance that you use the same

With

With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand
 You shall be as a father to my youth:
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents,
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.
 And Princes all, believe me I beseech you:
 My father is gone † wail'd into his grave,
 (For in his tomb lie my affections)
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world,
 To frustrate Prophecies, and to rase out
 Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
 After my seeming. Tho' my tide of blood
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
 Now, doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
 Now call we our high court of Parliament,
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go,
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To Lord Chief Justice

Our coronation done, we will accite
 (As I be'ore remember'd) all our state,
 And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
 No Prince nor Peer shall have just cause to say,
 Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt

† wild.

SCENE IV.

Gloucestershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph. the Page and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where 'in an
arbour we will eat a last years pippin of my owngrafting,
with a dish of carraways, and so forth : come cousin
Silence ; and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren : beggars all, beggars all,
Sir John, marry, good air,. Spread *Davy*, spread
Davy, well said *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses ; he is your
servingman and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,
Sir John. By th' Mass I have drank too much Sack at
supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :
come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah, quoth-a,

We shall do nothing but eat and make good cheer, [Singing.]

And praise heav'n for the merry year ;

When flesh is cheap, and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there ;

So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good master *Silence*, I'll
give you a health for that anon.

Shal. † Give Mr. *Bardolph* some wine, *Davy*,

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit ; I'll be with you anon, most sweet
Sir, sit. Master Page, sit : good master Page, sit : pro-
face. What you want in meat we'll have in drink, but
you must bear ; the heart's all.

Shal.

† Good Mr. *Bardolph*, some wine, *Davy*.

Shal. Be merry, Mr. *Bardolph*, and my little soldier there be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
For women are Shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.*

Fal. I did not think master *Silence* had been a man of this mettle,

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Dav. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy.

Dav. Your worship—— I'll be with you straight.
A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,
That's brisk and fine.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master *Silence*:

Sil. Fill the cup and let it come. I'll pledge you wer't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'st any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tiny thief and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to master *Bardolph*, and to all the cavaleroes about *London*.

Dav. I hope to see *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, *Davy*.

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you master *Bardolph*?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens I thank thee; the knave will sicken by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry, Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. [*Singing.*] *Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo.* Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dav. If it please your worship there's one *Pistol* come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

S C E N E V.

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol*?

Pist. Sir *John*; save you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistol*?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good; sweet Knight: thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be but goodman *Puff* of *Barren*.

Pist. *Puff*?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol* and thy friend;

And helter skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A footra for the world and worldlings base, I speak of *Africa*, and golden joys.

Fal. O base *Affyr*ian Knight, what is thy news?

Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet* and *John*.

Pist.

Pist. Shall dunghil curs confront the *Helicons*?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then *Pistol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which King? *Bezonian*, speak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine office.

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King,
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.
When *Pistol* lyes, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away *Bardolph*, saddle my horse, Master
Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the
land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee with
dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood
for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master *Silence* to bed: master *Shallow*, my
lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward.
Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, sweet *Pistol*!
away *Bardolph*: come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and
withal devise something to do thy self good. Boot,
boot, master *Shallow*. I know the young King is sick
for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of *Eng-*
land are at my commandment. Happy are they which
have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why here it is, welcome this pleasant day. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

L O N D O N.

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.

Host. No, thou arrant knave, I would I might die that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut hook, you lye: come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd Rascal, if the child I go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O that Sir John were come, he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry.

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censor; I will have you as soundly fwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue; you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not fwindg'd I'll forswear half kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones.

Host. Thou † Atomy, thou.

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you rascal.

Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

† Anatomy.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Enter two Grooms strewing rushes.

1 *Groom*. More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom*. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom*. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matser, this poor shew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shif me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts

Is in base durance and contagious prison;

Hauld thither by mechanick dirty hands.

Rowze up Revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Al. Ho's* snake,

For *Dol* is in. *Pistol* speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pistol. There roar'd the sea; and trumpet clangour sounds.

S C E N E VIII.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King and his train.

Fal. God save thy grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal*.

Pist. The heav'n's thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame.

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy.

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I speak to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace,

Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape

For thee, thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest,

Presume not that I am the thing I was:

For heav'n doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self,

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast;

The

The tutor and the feeder of my riots ;
 Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my mis-leaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten miles.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And as we hear you do ‡ reform your selves,
 We will according to your strength and qualities
 Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the honour of our word.
 Set on. [Ex. King, &c.]

S C E N E IX.

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ah marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come lieureant *Pistol*, come *Bardolph*. I shall be sent for soon at night.

Enter Chief Justice and Prince John.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaff* to the Fleet, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon,
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.* [Exes]

Manent Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [Exeunt.]



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say will I doubt prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot intreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have † forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more I beseech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for ‡ Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen.

† forgotten.

‡ This alludes to a play, in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff.

F I N I S.



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